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Aug. 6, 1867.

VOL. 7.

NOVELIST PUBLISHING CO.
NO. 18 ROSE STREET.

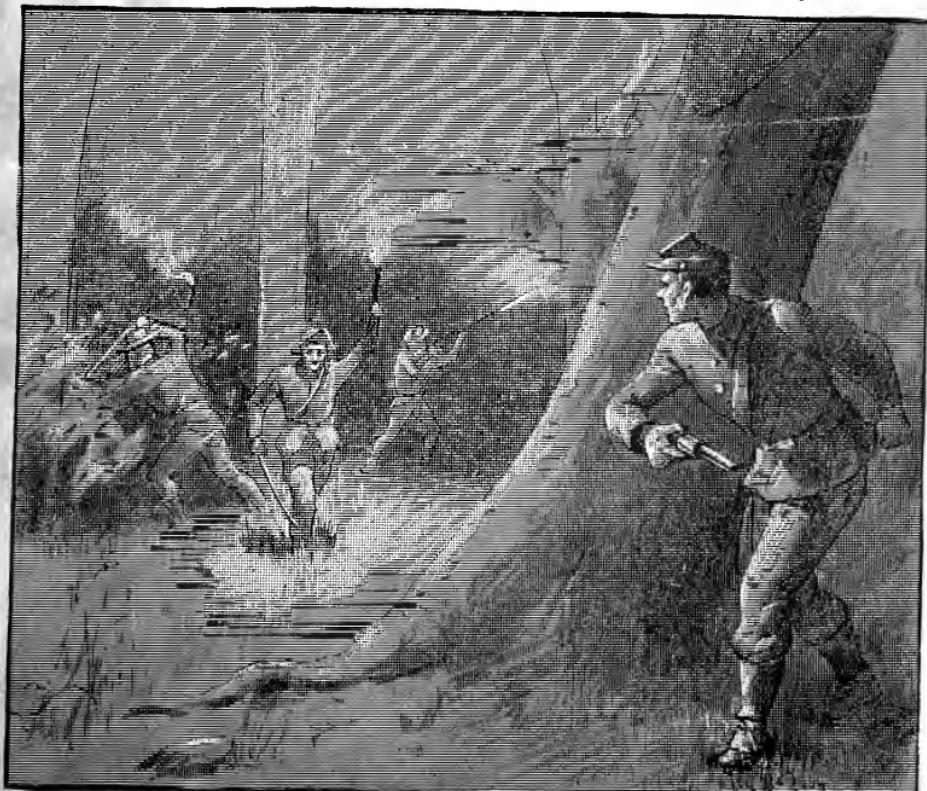
NEW YORK.

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\$5.00 A YEAR.

NO. 256.

ALONG THE POTOMAC; or, Fighting Pat, of the Irish Brigade.

By Bernard Wayde.



The Irish scout hunted like a mad wolf in the forest.

ALONG THE POTOMAC;

—OR—

Fighting Pat, of the Irish Brigade.

BY BERNARD WAYDE.

CHAPTER I.

ONE OF CORCORAN'S BOYS.

"We'll make another Fontenoy of it,"
Fontenoy, indeed! Remember you have not the same men to deal with. The French and their Irish allies were at that time pitted against the old oppressor, England. Hang it, man, you make too much of a difference. These men think like yourself that they are right in protecting the land of their birth."

"That is, that they are to propagate and protect slavery?" sneeringly.

"Even so; and, whether they be right or wrong, let us give them the praise their valor deserves; for braver soldiers I never met in this or the older country."

The young Corcoran had occurred toward the fall of '62; and, it may not be amiss to state in the wine-room of one of the most valiant Irish soldiers that ever drew a sword for the preservation of the land that generously extended to him a home, when the old tyrant, Britain, had driven him and his family from possessions rightfully theirs.

You will ask, and naturally, who this was?

In all reverence, we answer, General Michael Corcoran, the organizer and commander of the brave and chivalrous Irish Legion.

The last speaker was an old and grizzled veteran, who had on many a bloody field distinguished himself as a tried and honored soldier.

The majority of Irishmen present—and there were nearly a score—applauded his generous speech; but, like all assemblages of the kind, there were a few dissentient voices.

Among the rest, a dark-bearded, powerfully-built man, who was of somewhat doubtful reputation among his companions, and not without a cause, either.

He had been in Ireland what is known as a "middleman"—a class most abhorred by all Irishmen.

Neither in name nor feeling could he be called Irish. In fact, he was of the "under-taker" class whose ancestry came in with William of Orange, and stole and confiscated the lands from their rightful owners.

Jerry Hynes, so long as his petty acts of villainy paid, was one of the strongest supporters of English rule.

The moment his occupation as a robber of the rich failed him, he started for the land of the stars and stripes, and took upon himself, both in and out of season, to vindicate the oft-repeated cry: "Ireland for the Irish."

The man's villainies had gone before him, and he was looked upon in anything but a favorable light by those with whom he came in contact.

The old nabob, this former traducer of his so-called countrymen.

His brazen impudence carried him through it all; and, as the Irish race are proverbially generous, they seemed in a great measure to condone his shortcomings, as they were known in the "old country."

As the man Hynes will figure prominently in the following pages, this can be our only excuse for introducing him at such length to our readers.

The conversation had been progressing for some time on the merits and demerits of the Southern chivalry, the grizzled hero, to whom we have referred, taking a prominent part in the discussion, most of the others being simply listeners to the arguments pro and con, applauding any good point when made by one or the other.

Jerry Hynes had what is vulgarly called the gift of the gab, and so far held his own pretty well.

When the conversation had reached the point we have described, a new arrival had finally entered the wine-room; and, without attempting to intrude on the company, called, in a pure Connemara accent:

"A drink of the best potheen you have in the house."

The men at the bar were instantly attracted to the stranger.

Not because he had uttered a name familiar to them all—"potheen"—whisky.

Quite the reverse.

The man himself was a wonder.

He was over six feet in height, of great breadth of shoulders, and of a form that was singularly lithe and active.

He was unmistakably Celtic, with a regularity of feature and expressiveness that was uncommon—nay, even handsome.

He was, moreover, a new arrival in the country—a genuine importation from the "Laud of Saints"—for so has Ireland been termed from remote ages.

The man behind the bar winked at the company, as much as to say, "I'll have some myself with the stranger before you get some with him."

A few in the crowd winked in return, while Jerry Hynes, from some unmistakable cause, turned pale as death.

"Potheen, did you say my friend?" queried the barkeeper, approaching.

"Yes, that's what I said," with a sharp snap.

The fresh arrival in New York knew that a singular glance like this was being made of him.

"Am I to say potheen be, if it's a fair question? We have all sorts of drinks, but never heard of that. Perhaps you are from the great West?" familiarly.

"Yes—from the little West—a place called Connemara. You may have heard of it?"

"Pon my life, no," said the barkeeper, again winking at the company.

He thought this great chaf—so did a few others of the company.

"Then it must be a Connemara drink," continued the man of drinks, purposely mispronouncing the word.

Then came a loud laugh—only from a few of the assemblage, however—those who cured favor with the would-be wit.

The new arrival was getting both impatient and angry.

"Confound you for an omadhain!" he cried. "Do you not know yet what potheen whisky is?"

"Oh, you mean whisky then? Why didn't you say so? What is it to be?"

"Oh, give him chain-lightning!" cried one of the crowd. "Perhaps he's steel-plated and copper-bottomed."

This was going beyond a joke.

"Look here, sir," said the new-comer, full upon the last speaker; "however I may think the impertinence of the little jackanapes behind the counter, I take none from you. Ha!—"

The exclamation was hissed out, rather than spoken, as the young Irishman caught sight of Jerry Hynes.

The former land-grabber quickly averted his face.

But too late.

He was recognized.

Then, without heedling the man who was endeavoring to have a little fun at his expense, with one bound he sprang into the midst of the company, and seizing Hynes by the throat shook him as a terrier would a rat.

"Aha! and so we have met again, accursed traitor, and murderer of my brother! Oh, but I would have given half my life but yes, yesterday for this meeting! Curse you—curse you!"

The voice and fiercely-spoken words of the new-comer were terrible in their significance.

Did any of my readers ever behold a scene where the power of will, magnetic power, call it what you like—inspired the bravest and strongest with awe.

The man's passion was terrible; his voice made the boldest blanch, and, in his hands, the powerful and brutal Jerry Hynes was but as a child.

Even the barkeeper behind the counter turned as white as a corse.

"Mercy! help! I choke! I die!" gasped the wretched Jerry.

It was then that a revulsion of feeling came.

The grizzled veteran of numerous wars was the first to spring forward.

"Do not murder the man!" he thundered out. "Release him at once! If he has done anything against you or your family, that is no way to treat him."

The man who had nobly distinguished himself on many a field of honor and blood was fairly aroused to the exigencies of the occasion; and his example was followed by many others, who, up to this, had been spell-bound and terror-stricken.

There was a combined rush made upon the infuriated man.

The man stood with him; but not before he had hurried Hynes from him.

The nearly suffocated man fell to the floor like a limp rag.

Crash he went, and lay as one lifeless

The stranger, nothing daunted by the rush made upon him, now, like an infuriated tiger, turned his attention to the men who grappled with him.

Had he known the real power of his arm, they would have acted wisely to have kept out of his reach, for down they went, one after another, with a rapidity perfectly indescribable.

Talking of the blows of your champion prize-fighter: they were nothing in comparison.

And now we come to think of a case which occurred in a London street, where a broad-shouldered, well-built, tall, and fierce-looking West-hill boy, held his own against fifteen policemen, and, with a blow of his fist, struck one of them dead; for which display of prowess he was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude.

Poor fellow! he might have distinguished himself in a more noble field of action. However, he was the assailant and not the assailed.

But to return.

In all directions went the men who had rushed upon the "greenhorn," and, as they tumbled over each other, the sight was of a nature most ludicrous.

Blows rattled about their heads fast and furious, and, the instant they came up, down they again went.

The success of the combat was all too one-sided to be pleasant.

No more dangerous weapons than fists would finally have been used but for the advent of Michael Corcoran himself, who had just entered.

"Halloo!" was his first exclamation.

"What is this?"

The men on the floor presented a most sorry appearance, and those who might, in the heat of passion, have drawn revolvers, were prevented from so doing by the timely arrival of the great Corcoran.

The strange boy was turned to the colonel of the Irish Legion, which was then being organized, and it was not until Corcoran had spoken that he turned and faced him with flashing eyes and lowering brow, boding little good to any new-comer who might be likely to interfere.

The presence of Corcoran had, however, an almost magical effect on the man.

The long, strong, broad arm became wreathed in a smile of recognition. Next a look of shame overspread it, then the eyes were cast toward the ground.

What had caused this marvelous change in him, who a moment before had given every proof of a lion-like courage? Not only that, indeed, but a ferocity tigerish is its power in its fearful intensity and violence?

It was simply that the two men had recognized each other—that the one looked upon the other as the only true friend he had ever had.

Corcoran approached the young man, and laying his hand gently on his broad shoulder, said:

"I expected you, Pat. I am very glad to see that you arrived safely, but—"

"You did not expect to find me making a blackguard of myself," said the other, apologetically.

"Do not say that, Pat! You should not apply opprobrious epithets to yourself. I am sure if the truth were known," pointing to his scowling opponents, "they were more in fault than you. I should be sorry to think otherwise."

"I shall blame no one but myself," was the young fellow's simple reply. "I suppose it's all due to my ignorance of the ways of this country."

In his shame and bitterness of heart at being caught in a low quarrel with strangers, he had even forgotten for the time the existence and presence of his deadly enemy—Jerry Hynes.

Corcoran shook his head doubtfully.

It was evident that he did not attribute the late unseemly broil to his protege.

Far from it.

There was something more in it all, however, than he could just then fathom.

Besides those who had snarled at the head of the impetuous young Irishman, were to a man unwilling to come forward and give a true version of the affair.

It was too late in the day to advance the absurd aporism that a good man likes the fellow who gives him a downright thrashing better than he whom he thrashes.

Many of the men subsequently distinguished themselves as heroes, and yet they looked up with no little ill-will upon the youth who floored them with such terrific right and left handers.

"Boys!" said the gallant Michael, address-

ing the assemblage, "however this row has come about matters little. I want you now to be all good friends. Come, look up, Pat. This, gentlemen, is my nephew, Pat Mooney, as good and true a lad as any you ever saw. I may tell you I expected his arrival this very day. By some means I had the misfortune to miss him. However, here he is, and I want you to make up your little differences and be friends, for he is one of Ours—a lad of the Irish Legion!"

CHAPTER II.

A MURDEROUS ATTACK.

An Irishman, proverbially, is quick to anger, and quick to forgive.

No sooner had they heard the announcement of General Corcoran—that at that time colonel—than with many hearty welcomes they gathered round their new comrade, shaking him by each in turn, warmly by the hand. "Good mille faiteh!" said one.

"Glory to you!" said another.

"Arrah! but he's the boy for a shindy," broke in a third.

"An' will be a great general yet before he dies," a fourth added, as he took the big brown hand of the new arrival in his own and gave it a hearty shake.

"So all's given," said Pat, delighted at the turn of affairs.

"Be me sowl, I'd like to see who'd say nay agin' that," rejoined a wiry little man called Byrne. "You came down on me like a telegraph pole, but here's me hand; and now let us all have a drink on the strength of it!"

This proposal met with ready acquiescence on the part of the rest of the company, and they all went up to the bar.

The bartender, the cause of the row in the first instance, could not be found.

He must have got scared and bolted during the fracas.

His name was called repeatedly, but as he made no response, one of the others volunteered to give the hours of the occasion.

While the drinks were being served, some one bethought him of the half-strangled Jerry Hynes.

This individual had also disappeared.

There was no doubt he had a wholesome dread of the redoubtable Pat Mooney, and for a very good cause had no wish to remain in the city.

But more of this hereafter.

We can only say that the greater portion of that night was spent very pleasantly amid song and joke and story.

That day week the boys of the Irish Legion would be fully equipped and on their way to Washington, from which point they were to join McClellan's army and the gallant Major and the Irish contingent force.

"Yes," says Jerry Corcoran, during the evening, "my nephew, Pat, will come all the way from the Green Isle to join us. He has had a specimen of his prowess, and if he does only half as well on the field, as he has done to-night, I'll be well satisfied with him."

Of course the company were unanimous in their praises of the young fellow's pluck, and looked at themselves as only too proud that he was to be one of themselves.

By the time they parted that night Jerry Hynes and his past villainies were for the time, at any rate, forgotten.

Hynes was a rough man, and had a rough crowd to back him up—for who that has money cannot get a following in New York to obey his lightest behest?

That night the circumstances Hynes could be a dangerous man.

It had been his intention to have followed the fortunes of the legion in the field, for which purpose a captain's commission had been offered by the state and accepted by him.

However, let that for the present pass; we will do more effectually with Hynes and his scurvy crew whatever else they may be termed hereafter.

Michael Corcoran and his nephew were about the last to leave the room, and when they had issued into the open air they walked along Prince street in the direction of Broadway.

In fact, Corcoran at the time put up at one of the hotels on that busy thoroughfare.

At half past ten, on Broadway, conversing on the prospects of their respective land, a sudden rush was made from their rear, and before the stalwart Pat could turn to defend himself, he received a fearful blow from a shotgun that knocked him senseless.

Corcoran turned just in time to avoid a second blow aimed at his own head.

The night was very dark as it happened, and the feeble glitter of a lamp some dis-

tance off served scarcely to dissipate the gloom.

The colonel could, however, see about a dozen black figures, emerging from the shadow of the houses on their side of the street.

They seemed to be a score in all, with those who had already gone forward.

Not a bat disturbed by the roar of his assailants, the gallant Michael, as quick as a flash, drew his revolver, and standing over his fallen nephew, determined not only to sell his life dearly, but to protect the fallen Pat Mooney at all hazards.

The assailants seemed to hesitate for a moment, whether they should come on or not.

A word from one of the party, who kept well in the background, decided them.

So on they came with a simultaneous rush. "Halt!" rang out the commanding voice of the fearless Corcoran. "The first man that comes another step does so at the risk of his life!"

There was no mistaking his demeanor.

They had no means of dealing with one who feared no mortally living—a leader of men—and those who were so intent on their grand rush, drew back as though some powerful electric shock had met them.

Such is the force that at rare intervals one mind exercises over many!

No one ever met Corcoran, but had to acknowledge the same.

It was not the colonel's pistol that had such a marvellous effect on his assailants—it was, in fact, the man's whole nature—full of an unmistakable power to command, and be obeyed!

A smile of scorn curled Corcoran's lips as he beheld the effect of his speech.

"Do you call yourselves men?" he continually intones of withering contempt, "for twenty of you to attack two, and behind their backs at that? I am quite ignorant as to whom you are or the object of your dexterous assault—for I know not but you have killed one as near to me as life. Oh, cowards! cowards! Dearly shall you rue your part in this night's work!"

The gallant colonel's heart was wrung with anguish as his eyes fell on the motionless form of his nephew.

For an instant the hand in which he held the revolver trembled, and as if a gust of emotion had overcome him, the muzzle of the weapon was instinctively lowered.

Then, and not till then, was the charm broken.

The man who had been urging them on burst forth now in a howl of abuse:

"Spring! spring! spring upon him! Are you all afraid? Now is the time!"

It would have been impossible to have recognized this man's voice, so fearfully bitter were the words hissed out.

As to himself, he was completely hidden in the gloom.

"At him! at him!" urged the leader of these dunces.

There was no longer hesitation.

There was a wild rush.

Crack! crack! crack!

Three heavy thuds on the paved sidewalk told the accuracy of Corcoran's aim, as a number of yells went up into the night.

Again and again went the startling reports of the deadly revolver.

Two more had fallen!

Then came a rush of heavy steps from Broadway. "Aid was at hand!"

Corcoran's assailants did not wait to see who were coming.

They broke and ran as fast as their legs could carry them in the direction of the Bowery, leaving their dead and wounded where they had fallen.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE POTOMAC.

A week elapsed since Corcoran's gallant stand on Prince street.

Pat Mooney, who had been stricken senseless on that night, recovered sufficiently to join the ranks of the Irish Legion.

Though the two relatives had never discovered who the instigator of the murderous assault was, Pat had nevertheless a shrewd idea that it was none other than his old and bitter enemy, Jerry Hynes.

Pat never mentioned his suspicions to Corcoran, not wishing to embroil him in any affair of his; and now that they were on the point of entering upon an active military life, there was in great measure, a glace placed between them, which must necessarily prevent their former meetings.

This, of course, the exigencies of the ser-

vice demanded, and Fighting Pat, as he was now called, would be the last man to overstep his duty as a soldier.

It was at first thought that Hynes would join the Legion. But he did nothing of the kind, for with very little difficulty he obtained a transfer to Meagher's brigade then on the Potomac.

In good truth there were few sorry that he had changed his mind, for every man knew well that he would prove a valuable tyrant the moment he got into power.

Michael Corcoran, having organized and equipped his command, moved at once to Camp Scott, Staten Island.

Indeed, much had to be done before the men had to be inured to camp life and taught the rudiments of their military education.

The art of war cannot be learned in a day, and however apt the recruit is, it becomes necessary to familiarize him with company and battalion drill, as well as the value of obedience—the first duty of a soldier.

For over five weeks Colonel Corcoran and his men labored on their hands they could well attend to.

Discipline had to be maintained. Undue familiarity between officers and men, the result of old-time acquaintance, had to be relentlessly crushed out.

The latter at first was a thing of no little difficulty. The soldier in the ranks could not for his life see why he should not be on the same speaking terms as previously with his superior officer, and so as he had been before joining the Legion.

He presently found out his mistake, and soon conformed to the principles involved in his new life; but not, however, before he had been severely punished for disobedience.

"I mean making the Legion a model one," said Colonel Corcoran. And he did.

Soldiers and officers were drilled from morning till night, and the camp presented a scene of bustle and activity seldom or ever witnessed.

It was about closing of the sixth week when the Legion got the order to proceed to Washington.

Here they were met by thousands of their countrymen amidst the wildest enthusiasm. Pacts were given to the men, and their spindly soldiers-like proportions were warmly praised by all classes in the community.

They were not to remain long in the Capital; but a little incident occurred during their brief stay which we shall now proceed to relate, the more so as it is connected with two prominent characters of our story.

The members of the Irish Legion had pitched their tents somewhere in the vicinity of the banks of the Potomac.

It was about the third night after their arrival in Washington—a crisis, beautiful moonlight night, by the way that Fighting Pat was pacing his post on the east side of the camp in his turn at sentinel duty.

He enjoyed the beauty of the evening, and more than enjoyed his new life—so much so, indeed, that he was chanting in half-sad, half-spirited canticle a semi-comparative ballad, that he had heard in his old country.

Fighting Pat had about finished one verse, when the sound of a horse's feet riveted his attention.

A moment later and the horseman appeared.

The sounds, which, evidently, came from the direction of the river, grew louder.

A young horseman, the horseman was not in sight from the fact that he was still hidden by a long, dark fringe of pine trees, extending on the east side of the camp for some distance.

"It must be the officer of the day," thought the sentinel. "Well, let him come. I think he'll find that I know my duty."

CHAPTER IV.

DEALING WITH AN OLD ENEMY.

On he came, into the full and brilliant light of the moon, galloping rapidly as on an errand of life and death.

Fighting Pat made two discoveries, almost simultaneously.

First, that it was not the officer of the day; second, that it was his old enemy, Jerry Hynes, in the ranks of a regimental of a major of Meagher's brigade.

The discovery burst upon him like a powerful electric shock, and he trembled between emotions of rage and excitement. Here was indeed a dilemma!

What was he to do, or how was he to act under the circumstances?

The natural feelings of the man suggested dragging the traitor from his horse, and

strangling him then and there—the feelings of the soldier bespoke obedience and respect, due to a superior.

Coule he forget the fact that the man who was approaching was the man who had driven his master and the ruin of his family?

Not only this, but the rival of his dearest affections—whose lying tongue had placed a barrier between himself and one dearer to him than life.

The very sight of this man infuriated him, and yet he was placed in a position in which he could not exercise his own free will without disgracing himself.

What then was he to do?

His last thought was to commit a breach of military discipline which he must necessarily be guilty of if he failed to salute the man.

Therefore, we say he was in as tight a fix as ever man was placed in yet.

At that moment he most bitterly regretted that he had ever become a soldier.

With a sigh of dejection and despair, he stood silent in the darkness, and tried to guess what best to be done.

"Shall I let him pass as though I had not recognized him?" was his first mental interroga-

"No, no," was his second thought, "the night is too bright for that, and—"

He paused suddenly in his communings, for Major Hynes was already upon him, and unchallenged.

The major checked his horse, and without apparent to have recognized the young sentinel, said, half-flippantly:

"I presume you are the sentinel on this post?"

"I am."

"Are you aware that you have not challenged?"

"Yes."

"Do you know the punishment for being so remiss in your duty?"

"I do."

"Perhaps you will now tell me whose camp I am approaching?"

"Brigadier-general Corcoran's."

"Oh, indeed!" sneering superciliously.

"Perhaps you will answer me another question, if you feel so disposed?"

The major was gaining courage by the other's apparent calmness.

His object was to have the sentinel committed to further, so that he would have the pall on him.

"Well, what is it?" said Fighting Pat, without betraying the rage that was consuming him.

"It is this: Is this the usual way of doing things in Corcoran's camp?"

"No."

"Then why did you not challenge?"

Pat was fast losing all command of him- self.

He was resolved, however, to keep his temper, so as not to give his old enemy a chance to report him.

Breaches of discipline at that time were punished severely.

Pat Mooney had yet another object in view.

He would permit this scoundrel to go to the end of his tether, so to speak; then show him he was not to be insulted with impunity.

His hands were itching to make a grab at his throat, but he would wait until even his endurance could stand it no longer.

"Why did you not challenge?" repeated Hynes, sharply.

"Are you particularly interested to know?"

"Yes."

"Because I did not choose to."

"You are a fine scoundrel," rejoined the major, laughing coarsely. "I must say you do the Irish Legion credit, taking into consideration that you have not yet even saluted your superior officer. You are green to the business, I take it."

"Think so?"

"I do, most assuredly. Now, I will ride back a little way, and as I come up you will change your salute; and, bark you, sir, if you make any mistake I shall have you put under arrest!"

"Very good."

"You are an impudent fellow," said the major, hotly. "But we meet men of your kind every day, and know how to tame them."

Pat never knew from that day to this how he had controlled himself so long; but control he did, with a power that was marvelous for one of his highly excitable nature.

Major Hynes' attention was too plain to be misunderstood.

"Now, sir, beware how you act!" said Hynes, wheeling suddenly around and going about fifty paces back.

Fighting Pat knew well enough that he had done wrong, or he would not have dared act as he had.

"The scoundrel!" he muttered through his grating teeth. "I have stood his insolence long enough. I've but one life to lose, but I'd lose it cheerfully to choke the life out of the villain!"

Had Major Hynes caught sight of the young man's face at that moment, he would have had another time and opportunity for injuring him.

Unluckily for himself he had not.

Hynes' commentary was, as he rode away from the young sentinel's post.

"I cannot understand him. It is not possible that he has not recognized me. No—no! he is on his guard, that's evident; and, knowing that he has been wrong in not challenging, he's doubly so. But I must be his dupe. I have sworn it! According to the rules of the service in time of war, striking a superior officer is punishable by death. They want to make an example—he shall be the first."

Other thoughts came into the gallant major's head.

Corcoran had been called away that very day to headquarters. A day before he had got his brigadier-general's commission.

He could only hope that the young sentinel tried with delay by a general court-martial, Pat Mooney's fate would be sealed.

He and others of his friends had power

to guarantee that.

These thoughts passed rapidly through his mind as he again wheeled his horse, and approached the young soldier's post.

He expected a challenge, and received none.

He came up in a furious rage, and began swearing out some coarse oaths, as to what he would do.

But the now thoroughly aroused soldier sprang upon him like a tiger, dragging him from his horse with the suddenness of a lightning flash.

There was a desperate struggle.

Then the sudden loud banging report of a firearm.

The young soldier's gun had been accidentally discharged as they both rolled over on the ground.

Had Pat used both hands at first, he would have had no difficulty in overpowering Hynes, strong a man as he was. But he had not, and consequently the major managed to get pretty firm hold of him.

Even under these circumstances the struggle would not have lasted long; Major Hynes knew well and thanked his good luck that the rifle had come in at the way it had.

He could now bring a charge of attempted murder as well as assault.

He felt that he really had the young man in his power, and it would be no fault of his if death were not his portion.

A combined look of joy and hate came into the ruffian's eyes as he tugged and struggled with his assailant.

"I have you where I want you now," he hissed. "Now, sign your death warrant, my fine fellow!—Nugent and Connemara will see you no more!"

"You at least shall not live to see it!" fiercely retorted Pat, as with one wrench he released himself and threw himself once more upon the now really terrified major.

Hynes in his despair, made the place ring with his cries:

"Murder—help—murder!"

"Murder—murder! I shall make it murder!" shouted Mooney, as he fastened his iron grip on the other's throat; and no doubt in another moment or two he would have accomplished his threat, but for the timely arrival of about a dozen of the guard.

They threw themselves upon him; and, after a desperate struggle, succeeded in releasing the half-suffocated Hynes.

"This is a bad business for you, Pat," said the head of the guard, eying the young man compassionately. "A very bad business, indeed."

So thought the rest of the men, who had learned something of the old feud between private and officer.

Ed was back a prisoner, while Major Hynes was assisted into camp, more dead than alive.

CHAPTER V. BRIEFLY RELATING TO THE FEUD.

There was not a man in the whole Legion who was not sorry for poor Pat Mooney.

They all knew that he was a good fellow,

and a most peaceful and painstaking soldier; but his offense was so serious in its character that many shook their heads, pitying him from the bottom of their hearts.

It was the charge of "insubordination and attempted murder"—that was his crime, and the crime indeed upon which he was to be charged and tried.

Major Hynes took care to paint the assault made upon him in the very blackest color. His version certainly was by no means favorable to Fighting Pat.

He stated that he was riding into camp with a dispatch for General Corcoran, when the sentinel shot at him as he was in the act of passing his post.

When asked at the preliminary proceedings of a regimental court-martial, if the man had seen him before, he answered in the affirmative—and that he was his sworn enemy.

It was not in fact the first time the prisoner had threatened his life.

He had once before attempted it in New York.

The cause of the feud was an old family dispute on the other side of the Atlantic, and that the prisoner's principal reason for coming here was to have his revenge on him.

This, and much more, said Major Hynes. He told a straightforward and apparently truthful story, corroborated to a certain extent by witnesses who knew both men.

Fighting Pat said nothing.

His time had not yet come to speak; when it did he hoped to be able to meet the charges brought against him, and prove the major to be what he really was—a most unmitigated liar and scoundrel.

This was well enough.

But take the matter in another light it was bad for Mooney.

With the kind reader's permission we will now bring to a capitulation the cause of this feud, which was said to exist between Pat and his accuser.

Do so we must go back about five years from the date of our story.

In a picturesque little hamlet in the western part of Connemara lived one Nugent Mooney—a farmer fairly well to do in the world, but who was unmarried, and a bachelor, and likely to remain so, at least so said the world.

He was not quite alone, however, for residing with him were two nephews and one niece—the orphan children of his deceased brother.

Nugent Mooney had the reputation of being a good and true man but for sundry causes had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of a certain "middleman," with whom we are already acquainted.

He had a false charge trumped up against Pat's older brother, which landed him in a convict prison.

He bore his bitter fate for about a year and a half, when he, too, passed away.

The last left was the hero of this story, Fighting Pat, as his comrades preferred calling him.

He returned from a long voyage to see the ruin and desolation of the old homestead—his uncle gone, sister and brother dead, and the rest of the family in mourning his return with the addition that froze his very soul.

He did not until long after find out the ruin that had been worked by the villain Hynes; nor did he discover the lies that "gentleman" invented to estrange his love from him.

Shortly after just retribution overtook Hynes. His cattle died; his lands were mortgaged; and he finally became loaded down with debts, and had to leave his precious carcass from a debtor's prison he had to fly the country for the states.

He had been away for some time when the young man discovered the full extent of the scoundrel's duplicity. Then, at the solicitation of Corcoran—his mother's brother—he in due time landed in New York, as we have already seen.

That is the history of the Connemara family.

But to proceed with our story:

The second night of our hero's captivity the rumor spread that on Corcoran's return the Legion would proceed to the seat of war.

At length, then they would see some fighting.

This rumor caused a perfect thrill to pass through the camp.

The men were literally wild with enthusiasm; and around the camp-fires that night the sole thing was discussed with evident relish.

Song, story, and jest went round, with a merrier ring than ever before, and only for one fact the men would be as happy as happy could be.

That one thing seemed to some extent to pull the spirit of the body.

Fighting Pat Mooney was a prisoner, charged with an offense the most serious against the military code.

An example had to be made in the army somewhere, and why not in his case?

Fancy a sentinel committing a murderous assault upon his superior officer; in fact, shooting at him with intent to kill!

How likely is he to be met?

By death, unluckily—and it seemed as though Fighting Pat's career had come to a premature end.

"Ah! if we had but Fighting Pat wid us," said our former acquaintance, Denny Byrne, with a sigh; "if we only had, what a glorious shindig'd we'd kick up. We'd show the grays out a second Fontenoy."

"How's your whist wid yore Fontenoy?" said big Bucky Hoolahan. "Is it comarin' Southern jintlemen yez are to the dirty Sassenach?"

"An' isn't the dirty Sassenach as good as you, bad luck to you?" retorted Denny. "Ain't they great solgers, an' great aiters, an' what more do you want?"

The camp-fires proceeded to threaten to whip us in a way which some of us reserved good humor by calling on Denny Byrne for Old Zozimus' Story, which Denny, however, always gave as the experience of his father.

"Now, boys, pile on the wood!" said one of the guard; "an' when we get everything roarin' an' right, Denny shall get on with his story."

A huge fire was built up in a twinkling; and amid the roar of the flames and the crackle of his companions, Denny proceeded with what was called Old Zozimus' story, as it was shrewdly suspected that Byrne, notwithstanding his assertion to the contrary, had obtained it from that source like many a greater story-teller.

CHAPTER VI.

DENNY BYRNE'S STORY.

"Well, it's a good many years ago," said Denny, "my father 'listed' in the North Cork, just to oblige Mr. Barry, the landlord there. 'For,' says he, 'Phil,' says he, 'it's not a soldier ye'll be at all, but my own man—to brush my clothes an' go errands, an' the like of that, and the king, long life to him, will help ye for your trouble. You understand me?'

"Well, my father agreed, and Mr. Barry was as good as his word.

"Never a guard did my father mount, nor as much as a drill had he, nor a roll-call; nor anything at all, save and except wait on the captain, his master, just as pleasant as need be, and no inquisitive questions asked."

"Well, for a few years this went on as I'm tellin', and the regiment was ordered down to Bantry, because of a report that the boys was rising down there; and the second evening there was a night party patrolling, with Captain Barry, for six hours in the rain, and the captain, God be merciful to him, took cowd and died; more betoken, they said it was drunk, but my father said it was not."

"But say he, 'after he had the night b'lic'ble comortable, my father mixed the ninth, and the captain waved his hand this way, as much as to say he'd have no more.'

"Is it that ye mean?" says my father, and the captain nodded.

"Musha, but it's sorry I am," says my father, "to see you this way, for ye must be bad intirely to leave off in the beginning of the month."

"And true for him the captain was dead in the morning."

"A sorrowful day it was for my father, when he died; it was the finest place in the world, little to do, plenty of diversion, and a kind man he was—when he was scer."

"Well, then, when the captain was buried and all was over, my father took them they'd be put to bed away, as he said."

"Sure I'm no use in life to anybody save the man that's gone, for his ways are all I know, and I never was a solger."

"But, upon my conscience, they had other thoughts in their heads; for they ordered him into the ranks to be drilled just like the recruits they took the day before."

"Musha, isn't this hard?" said my father;

'here I am an ould vitrin that ought to be discharged on a pension, with two and sixpence a day to live on, to go capering about the barracks yard practicin' the goose steps or some other nonsense not becoming my age nor my habits; but so it was.'

"Well, this went on for some time, and, sure if they were hard on my father, didn't he have his revenge? for he nigh broke their hearts with his stupidity; oh! nothing in life could equal him; not a thing, no matter how hard he'd learn at all; and so far from caring for him in confinement, it was that he liked best."

"Every sergeant in the regiment had a trial of him, but all to no good—and he, instead strivin' so hard to learn all the while, and they were loath to punish him, the old rogue!"

"This was going on for some time, when one day news came in that a party of the rebels, as they called them, was comin' down from the Gap of Muhamnick to storm the town and burn all before them."

"The whole regiment was of course under arms, and great preparations were made for a battle. Meanwhile, patrols were ordered to scone the roads, and sentries posted at every turn of the way, and the men rising to give warning when the boys came in sight; and my father was told he could comfort," says he, "on a winter's day; and faix, but I've a mind to give ye the slip."

"Well, he put his gun down on the bridge, and he lighted his pipe, and he sat down under an ould cedre tree and began to ruminate upon his affairs."

"This is pleasant," says my father, as soon as they left him; and he said to himself, "I'll be the braver for the shillin' that 'listed' me, that's all," for he was mighty low in his heart.

"Just then a noise came rattlin' down near him; he listened, and before he could get on his legs down comes the general, ould Coochoon, with an orderly after him.

"Who goes there?" says my father.

"The round," says the general, looking about all the time to see where was the treachery, for my father was snug under the tree.

"What round?" says my father.

"The grand round," says the general, more puzzled than afore.

"Pass on, grand round, and God save ye kindly," says my father, putting his pipe to his mouth again, for he thought all was over with him.

"Where are you?" says the general, for sorrow a bit of my father could he yet see. "It's here I am," says he, "and a cowd place I have it; and if it wasn't for the pipe I'd be lost intirely."

"The words wasn't well out of his mouth, when the general began laughing till y'd think he'd burst his sides."

"And the doggon behind him—more by happen, they say it wasn't right for him—laughed as loud as himself."

"Yer a droll sentry," says the general, as soon as he could speak.

"Begorra, it's little fun there's left in me," says my father, "with this drilling and parading and thramping about the roads all night."

"And is this the way you salute your officer?" says the general.

"Just so," says my father; "sorra a more politeness ever they taught me!"

"What regiment do you belong to?" says the general.

"The North Cork," says my father, with a sigh.

"They ought to be proud of ye," says the general.

"I'm sorry for it," says my father, sorrowfully, "for, may be they'll keep me the longer."

"Well, my good fellow," says the general, "I have't more time to waste here; but let me teach you sometimes before I go. Whenever your officer passes, it's your duty to put your arms to him."

"Arrah, it's jokin' ye are!" says my father.

"No, indeed, I'm in earnest," says he, "as ye might learn to yer cost if I brought ye to a court-martial."

"The general began to laugh again here, but said:

"I'm coming back here, and mind you don't forget your duty to your officer."

"Never fear, sir," says my father, "and my thanks to you for your kindness in telling me."

"Away went the general, and the orderly after him, and in a te minutes they were out of sight."

"The night was falling fast, and one half of the mountain was quite dark already, when my father began to think they were forgetting him intirely.

"I was cold and wet, and he looked another, but soon a sort of a sergeant's guard was comin' to relieve him.

"There he was, frost and fastin', an' dare not go for his bare life."

"I'll give you a quarter of an hour more," says my father, "till the light leaves that rock up there. After that," says he, "I'll be off; av it cost me what it may!"

"The light was gone, and it was not needed this time; for, what did he see at the same moment, but the shadow of somethin' comin' down the road opposite the bridge. He looked again; and then he made out the general himself that was walking his horse down the steep part of the mountain, followed by his orderly.

"My father immediately took up his musket and the general took up his pistol, the sides of his pipe and put it in his pocket, making himself as smart and neat-lookin' as could be, determinin', when ould Coochoon came up, to ask him for leave to go home, at least for the night."

"Well, by this time the general was turnin' a sharp part of the cliff that looks down upon the bridge, from where you might look live in the air and see it on every side."

"He sees me," says my father; "but I'll be just as quick as him!"

"No sooner said than done, for, coming forward to the parapet of the bridge, he up wid his musket to his shoulder, and presented it straight at the general.

"It wasn't well there when the officer pulled up his horse quite short, and shouted out:

"Sentry—sentry!"

"Anan!" says my father, still covering him.

"Down with your musket, you rascal! don't you see it's the grand round?"

"To be sure I do," says my father, never changing for a minute.

"The ruffian will shoot me," says the general.

"Not a fear," says my father, "av it does not go off itself."

"I'm a mean man by that, you villain," says the general, scarce able to speak with fright, for every turn he gave on his horse, my father followed with the gun.

"What do you mean?"

"Sure ain't I presentin'?" says my father; "tare an' ages! do you want me to fire next?"

"With that the general took a pistol from his holster, and took deliberate aim at my father."

"There they both stood for five minutes, lookin' at each other, the orderly alt the while breaking his heart laughing behind the rock.

"For ye see, the general knew av he retreated that my father might fire on purpose, and if he come on that he might fire by chance; and sorra a bit he knew what was best he done.

"Are ye going to pass the evening up there grand round?" says my father, "for it's tired I am gettin' bouldin' this so long!"

"Port arms!" shouted the general, as if on parade.

"Sure I can't till yer passed," says my father, angrily, "and my hands tremblin' already."

"By Jove! I shall be shot," says the general.

"Be gorrax! it's what I'm afraid of," says my father, "and the words wasn't well out of his mouth before off went the musket-hang—and down went the general, smack on the ground, senseless.

"Well, the orderly ran out at this, and took him up and examined his wound.

"But it wasn't a wound at all, only the widdin' of the gun, for my father—God be kind to his ye see, could do nothing right, and he bit the widdin' of the ear-ridge when he put it in the gun, and by reason there was no bullet in it."

"Well, from that day after they never got sight of him, for the instant the general dropped he sprang over the bridge wall, and got away; and what between livin' in lie-kills for two months, eatin' nothing but blackberries and sloes, and other disguises, he never returned to the army, but

ever after took a civil situation, and ever driv a harsur for years."

CHAPTER VII. CORCORAN ARRIVES.

Two or three days more had passed before General Corcoran had got back to camp.

It was the night before the trial of Fighting Pat, and, perhaps, it was well for our unfortunate hero that the brigadier had put in an appearance so soon.

The first thing that the general was told of, was the story of his nephew, and the circumstances that led to it.

Corcoran was not only astonished but greatly annoyed at what he had heard.

When his anger had subsided, he said to the young major, who had given him an account of the encounter:

"Mahon, I fear there is something more in this than I see at present. I know a little of Hynes, and that little may not much to his credit, but I do not know him. I have joined his corps, but changed his mind the moment he heard my nephew was to enter it; and between you and me, I am not sorry for his decision—for, plainly speaking, I do not like the man a whit."

"You are not alone there, general," replied Major Mahon. "Some of the boys here, who knew him in New York, give him a pretty hard name."

"It well deserves it, for what on earth could Mooney have against him? I have certainly heard some queer stories, but never a word from my nephew about the fellow."

"Simply because he is not in the habit of speaking about people behind their backs," rejoined Mahon, warmly. "However, I think it would be well to investigate this matter at once."

"It is to be tried, you say, by a general court-martial?"

"Yes."

"Then, in that case, we must make quick work of it. The great military lights," proceeded Corcoran, "are determined to stamp this kind of thing out, and poor Pat may be the first to suffer for his impudence."

"It is a serious offense to be sure," said Mahon, reflectively.

"Consider it more so. An offense just now punishable with death."

"I am very glad you have got back, however," said Mahon, "very glad, indeed."

"Not more than I myself am. The lad must be saved come what will," added the general, more to himself than to the officer with whom he had been speaking. "Mahon!" he ejaculated, suddenly.

"Yes, general?"

"Is Hynes in camp just now?"

"I believe he is."

"Will you ascertain whereabouts, while I visit this impudent nephew of mine?"

"Certainly, general. I will do it at once. I presume I will find you at your quarters?"

"No; I think not. Say you call at the grand tent in about twenty minutes or half an hour from now, as my interview with Mooney may in all probability last that time. I mean probing this matter to the bottom. If he is in camp, in fault let him bear the brunt, that's all."

"I think you will find the boot on the other leg," said Mahon, laughing; "and, in another moment he was gone."

General Corcoran reflected profoundly for a couple of minutes; then he, too, left the spot, and made for the guard tent wherein Fighting Pat was confined, a prisoner.

At the approach of the general the guard turned out and presented arms, as they were in duty bound to do.

"You may dismiss your men, Lieutenant," said Corcoran, as he acknowledged the salute of the young officer in command. "Now, tell me, how is your prisoner—or, perhaps, you have more than one inside there?" he added, quickly.

He was gratified, however, to learn that Fighting Pat was the only one confined in the guard tent since his departure.

"That speaks well for the discipline of the Legion," said Corcoran, laughing; "and how does Mooney take this restriction on his liberty?"

"As well, general, as can be expected," replied the lieutenant. "Come and see for yourself."

Throwing aside the canvas of the tent aside, they entered together.

The tent, which was a pretty large one, was lighted by a solitary lamp, barely serving, however, to dissipate the gloom.

They found the prisoner stretched out on a couple of army blankets—half-dozing, half-dreaming, perhaps, of the little green

isle, which he had quitted but a few short months before.

It was evident that he did not hear the approach of two officers, and it was not till the Lieutenant had called him by name that he responded.

Then he leaped quickly to his feet and stood confronting his commander.

It did not for a moment occur to Fighting Pat to take advantage of the relationship existing between himself and Corcoran.

He stood, instead, to attention, and saluted respectfully, as might any other soldier of the command.

"You may go now, Lieutenant O'Reilly," said Corcoran. "I wish to speak with the prisoner alone for a few moments."

The young officer touched his hat, and instantly left the guard-tent.

When they were alone, Corcoran said:

"Cau you explain this, Pat?"

"What, general?"

"The unfortunate scrape I find you in. This is very serious."

"I know that, general."

"It is singularly unlucky at such a time," proceeded Corcoran. "I suppose you have heard we are about to go to the front?"

"Yes."

Fighting Pat still stood to attention.

"You need stand no longer that way, Pat. We are alone. Now, tell me all about your affair with Hynes. The man changes you with having pulled trigger on him."

"Yes, that is his charge, general," replied Pat.

"Is it true?" said Corcoran, with some severity.

"What would you think, general?"

"I heard it to-night for the first time, and could not believe my ears," was the reply.

"I am very glad of that."

"But did you, or did you not shoot at the man?" asked Corcoran, in a stern tone.

"You know the rules of the service, I presume?"

"Well that, general, I, however, respectfully ask you one question."

"Put it."

"Did you ever hear of my stooping to a falsehood?" said the young man, in earnest tones.

"Never."

"I thank you for that; and now I will answer you. *I did not shoot at Major Hynes!*"

The last sentence Fighting Pat emphasized solemnly.

"You did not?"

"I did not."

"Then the man brings a false charge against you?"

"Even so."

"Why did you not say this at your preliminary examination?" demanded Corcoran, somewhat puzzled.

"I was waiting."

"For what?"

"For my principal examination."

"The general court-martial?"

"Yes."

"Humph!" grunted Corcoran. "You are a cool fellow, I must say. The result of that court-martial might have been your death. You must be aware of that, surely?"

"I am," said the young man.

The general, for a minute or two, strode up and down the tent, excitedly.

It was evident, even to himself, that he understood little of his nephew's character. At last he paused suddenly, and faced the young soldier once more.

"You did not fire at Major Hynes, then?"

"Certainly not."

"Then his evidence was lies, from beginning to end?"

"To certain extent, yes."

"And your rifle?"

"Was discharged accidentally."

"Did you not assault him?" pursued Corcoran.

"Yes, after he had grossly insulted me."

"We are coming near to the bottom at last," said the general, laughing. "Pray explain alias briefly as you can—conceal nothing, and if it's possible to save you it shall be done."

Fighting Pat thus urged, briefly recapitulated that which is already known to the reader.

Corcoran listened with profound attention, and as he learned the truth of the encounter between his nephew and Hynes his indignation was nigh getting the better of him.

Whatever he was about to say was interrupted by the entrance of Major Mahon.

The young officer perceiving uncle and nephew still engaged, was about to leave the tent, when the general beckoned him to come forward.

"Have you found him?" he asked.

"I have."

"The scoundrel!"

"I repeat it. Major Mahon, Hynes is an infernal scoundrel!"

"Ah, general," said Mahon, with a sly wink, "please tell us something we don't know."

"Where is he now?"

"Who—Hynes?"

"Yes."

Enjoying himself to the top of his bent

at Courtenay's quarters. He's as merry as you please, smoking and drinking wine at poor Courtney's expense."

"Courtenay, at least, is a gentleman," said Corcoran.

"Quite true, general, quite true," said Mahon, "and that, perhaps, is one of the reasons that he is so easily imposed upon by a blackguard like Hynes. By my soul," continued the youthful major, "there is nothing in the world that would give me more pleasure than to kick the villain out of camp."

"I must see this man before I eat or sleep," said Corcoran, with some excitement.

"I go with you, then?"

"Yes."

Then turning to his nephew, he bade him be of good heart, and left the tent, followed by his sword-bearer.

On arriving at Courtenay's quarters, General Corcoran briefly related Mooney's story and told him a few minutes before.

When he had finished, he said:

"My nephew, under other circumstances, would have been justified in acting as he had done; but there is no excuse for a senry assaulting his superior officer, and such, I take it, will be the verdict at to-morrow's court-martial."

"I am afraid, general, you are right," said Mahon.

"Now the question is what is to be done," said Corcoran. "I can only see one way out of the difficulty."

"Yes—yes."

"And that is to prevent this fellow from attending the court-martial."

"I understand. We must get him out of the way."

"Exactly."

"And that is to be done?"

"In this wise—and I think the plan will be a good one. We must make this ruman take water."

"Treat him to the Potomac?"

"Not quite that," said Corcoran, laughing; "although the sooner he's on the other side of it, the better will it be for his skin. We must make the villain fight."

"You can count on me every time, general."

"But I was going to say that he won't fight."

"Then he'll run. I see the drift. We must get rid of him. When the court-martial assembles, the accuser will be absent."

"Exactly so."

"Leave the matter to me. I give you my word, general, as a gentleman, that Mr. Hynes will make himself scarce before to-morrow's sun."

Just then both officers drew up in front of Captain Courtenay's tent.

CHAPTER VIII. FIGHTING PAT BECOMES A SCOUT.

Voices proceeded from the tent, and it seemed, indeed, as if Jerry Hynes was enjoying himself to the top of his bent.

"Hear the blackguard," said Major Mahon. "One would think that he was the happiest creature in the world. By the powers in 'e," said the young major, "I think he had better go in and announce you, general."

"Stay a moment," said Corcoran. "What plan of action have you hit on?"

"You will see that in good time. Now don't say another word, but leave the rest to me."

"Very well," replied the brigadier; "but above all things, act discreetly."

"I know."

"I man don't allow your plan to miscarry."

"Trust me for that. Here goes," and Major Mahon, without ceremony, disappeared within the folds of Courtenay's tent. He was not gone more than a few minutes when he returned.

"It is all right," he said, "and, general, if you permit me, I will lead the way."

General Corcoran followed Mahon into the tent.

The interior was lit by four or five big wax

candles, and the tent, in other respects, was quite comfortably furnished.

It was well known in the Irish Legion that Captain Courtenay was an exceedingly wealthy officer, who had a penchant for active service, and who, for that, and no other reason had joined Corcoran's command.

He had been a lieutenant in the English army, got tired of it, and, having disposed of his commission, had come to this country.

What for purpose?

Simply to see service in the field.

Just as Corcoran entered, Captain Courtenay had opened a bottle of champagne, and there were indications of the fact that others had been opened prior to his coming.

Major Jerry Hynes was smoking one of the captain's fine cigars, and seemed to have installed himself very comfortably for the evening.

His face was flushed as if he had drunk deeply, and it appeared, from the rapid glances that Corcoran had given him, that he was not over pleased with the fact of seeing either him or Major Mahon.

He tried to look pleasant, however, as Courtenay sat up, and after welcoming his two visitors, pressed upon them to partake of what was going.

"I have plenty of seats, gentlemen; so make yourselves at home," he said. "I would advise you, general, to try a glass of this excellent brand—best I've tasted on this side of the Atlantic. And you, major, allow me to help you to a good cigar. Don't stir Hynes; you are all right. Pray be seated, gentlemen. And so we are to move to the front, general?"

"I understand that to be the order, captain. Very excellent wine, indeed."

"This cigar is quite a treat," said Mahon.

"Pleased to hear you say so, major. Have another glass of champagne; not a headache in the drink bottles of it I assure you. What's that? Sorry for that. As I was telling Major Hynes here, we'll be in the deuce of a fix for want of the necessities when we get into campaigning trim. It will be then salt junk and hard tack. Ah! ha! come, general, let me fill your glass for you again. Excuse me, Hynes, old fellow; I'm afraid I've tread on your toes."

"Ah! here you haven't," said Hynes, leering round him. "No fear of that; haven't any to tread on; so there's where you are out. Ah, ha!"

"Hynes, I'll wager that you have corns," said Mahon. "I'll wager that you have even bunions."

"Ef-huh!" said Hynes. "What's that?"

Mahon repeated what he had said, and in such a manner that there was no mistaking but that he meant to be offensive; and Jerry's brain was not so clouded but he could see it.

"Repeat that again, sir!" said Hynes, fiercely, as he rolled his eye-deadly around the tent.

"Egad, that's capital!" cried Courtenay, whose brains were getting a little too muddled to perceive that there was anything wrong in his bellicose attitude.

"Capital—capital!" reiterated Courtenay. "Don't spare him, Hynes; let him have it, old man!"

"I request that you repeat that again, sir," said Hynes, more furiously than ever.

"I am not a man asseid as you are; you have two ugly carbuncles on your nose, and that you wear false teeth," said Mahon. "Not only that, sir, but oracular demonstration will prove that your calves are padded."

This was getting beyond a joke.

Major Hynes flew forward just in time to get about half a glass of wine in his face.

This completed his temper.

Even the wedded captain could not fail but understand the insult.

Major Hynes howled with rage; Courtenay cried, "Shame—shame!" General Corcoran said nothing, but looked on, an interested spectator.

"This calls for blood!" yelled Major Hynes, beside himself with rage.

"You need not go very far to get that," said Hynes coolly. "If you want satisfaction, I am the man to give it to you."

"Allow me to second you, major," said Courtenay.

"I'll act for Mahon," said Corcoran; "and if Captain Courtenay has no objection, the affair may as well be settled here as anywhere else."

"A good objection in the least, unless the space is too limited," replied Courtenay. "With your permission, gentlemen, I will now produce the pistols; and I may say, they are perfect beauties in their line—as fine a brace of dueling pistols as ever man clapped eyes on."

Hynes turned deathly pale.

Corcoran saw in a moment that there was no fight in him, but allowed, nevertheless, he captain to produce the "beauties," as he called them.

"It would be murder to fight here," stammered Hynes.

"Not at all, my dear sir," said Courtenay. "Ef-huh!" you couldn't fight in a better place. You have most excellent light from the wax candles. Permit me to place you; or will you toss for places?"

"I tell you I won't fight here," said Hynes, desperately. "It was all a mistake anyhow. I freely pardon the gentleman for carrying the joke a little too far."

Fighting Pat and Courtenay, hardly believing that he heard right, "do you call it a joke, sir, to throw the contents of a champagne glass in your face?"

"The major didn't mean it other than as a practical joke, I am sure," said Hynes.

"There's where you are in error, Major Hynes," said Mahon. "I did mean it; so make no mistake with regard to it."

"Of course you are, sir," said Courtenay. "What will you do fight after his arrival that he did mean it?"

"I will not," stammered Jerry, turning the hue of a dirty green in the face.

"Then the sooner you bid good-bye to the army the better," sneered Captain Courtenay. "For myself, I have nothing more to say to you."

"I will let me give you a piece of advice, Major Hynes," said Mahon, "and that is to clear from Washington and its neighborhood as soon as you can. If I catch you anywhere within twenty miles of this by sunrise to-morrow I'll shoot you on sight."

They allowed the crestfallen major to slink out of the tent. Then both Mahon and Corcoran made ample apologies to Courtenay for their manner of treating his guest. Not only did they do this, but they very satisfactorily explained the cause of their acting thus.

We need not say that Mahon's plan worked well.

It worked even better than they had expected; for at the general court-martial next day, the accuser, Hynes, failed to put in an appearance.

This resulted, as it happened, in the release of Fighting Pat.

The day following the liberation of Mooney, the Legion crossed the Potomac, en route for the seat of war.

After many little skirmishes and attacks by the enemy, Fighting Pat was selected as a scout, and with him, a lively young fellow named Frank O'Mahoney, and Denny Byrne.

CHAPTER IX.

FIGHTING PAT'S DARING EXPLOIT.

"Bedad," said Denny Byrne, "I don't know what to make of this scoutin' out all. It seems to be all kicks an' no ha'pence, at least in this old country."

"Well, what's the use grumblin'," said Frank O'Mahoney. "So far you've come out pretty lucky. You haven't lost a leg or an arm, an eye or an ear, so you may think yourself fortunate. What do you say, Pat?"

"I think with you, Frank. Our friend has nothing to complain of yet. We have circumvented the graycoats with better success than ever could be expected. Besides, we haven't gone twelve hours without food in seven or eight days. Then why grumble? You know the old saying, Denny—it's time enough to bid the devil good morning when you meet him!"

"There's no denyin' that," replied Denny. "But can you tell me what is the good of all this? What's the use of the country? There's the graycoats here to-day; an' there to-morrow—an' aren't we the same?" It's like kickin'—seek for all the world, an' the more I see of it the less I like it."

"But your father before you didn't like soldiering, Denny," said Frank, laughing.

"A man that smokes a pipe doing sentinel duty over a magazine is much better in civil life; don't you think so, Pat?"

"I'd mighty do."

"Who smoked a pipe over a powder magazine?"

"Why your father, didn't he?"

"Who towid ye that flamer?" demanded Denny, tartly.

"Why yourself."

"Who towid ye then?"

"Why, one night when you were three sheets in the wind."

"I don't recollect the circumstance; and I must have been more than four sheets in the wind to have forgotten it."

"Hist!" said Fighting Pat, suddenly.

"What is it?" asked Byrne.

"Hist! I say!"

The foregoing conversation occurred about two weeks subsequent to the incidents chronicled in our last chapter.

Fighting Pat and his companions had been on a two days' scouting expedition for the purpose of obtaining some knowledge of the movements of the Confederates, who were believed to be in considerable force in the neighborhood.

Up to this time they had had some very narrow runs for it, and on three or four occasions had barely escaped capture.

They owed their escape to the coolness and presence of mind of their young leader.

They were in the act of passing through a dense mass of woodland toward the evening of the second day, when Pat's warning brought them to a sudden stop.

"What's the matter?" asked Frank.

"Not a word," said Pat, "but dismount as quietly as you can."

"There's some one in the wood!"

"Yes."

"Your hearin' is better than mine," said Denny, "for sora a thing I can hear at all."

Fighting Pat gestured him to silence, and then they all leaped to the ground.

For a moment or two they listened intently.

There could be no mistaking the fact—they were some persons in the wood beside themselves whether friends or enemies remained to be seen.

They might be some of their own men; but more likely a body of Confederates.

It behoved them, therefore, to act with great caution.

"We cannot go any further in this direction," said Pat Mooney, "until we find out with whom we have to deal. Remain here both of you, until I see."

"You expose yourself to too much danger," remonstrated Frank. "Just let me go this once, will you?"

"None; keep your eye skinned, that's all. I'll return all right, depend upon it."

Darkness had already descended on the gloomy forest, and after listening for a minute silently and intently, Fighting Pat stole like a shadow along the path.

Deeper and deeper he plunged into the impenetrable wood.

He proceeded as cautiously as an Indian picking up the trail of an enemy.

Every now and then he stopped to listen, so as to make sure of the exact direction whence the sounds came.

He never moved without making sure of this fact.

Another thing he did not lose sight of was the path by which he had come, as it would be no very pleasant matter to him to lose his compeers in the night, watch and wait for him in vain had he not taken this precaution.

Fighting Pat had so far trusted himself as an able scout, and he was not going to lose prestige in this last little effort of his.

It is remarkable to what a distance sound can be conveyed amid the solemn stillness of a wilderness of timber and undergrowth.

The sounds at first seemed to recede from him, then grew louder, till he was finally assured that he had struck the right path.

"I shouldn't be surprised if I get Pat to himself," to find the enemy in force in the direction I am going. I must now act with the greatest caution, or I may get overhauled myself."

On and on he went, deeper and deeper into the recesses of the wood.

Finally he pulled up quite suddenly.

A red glare of light flashed in his eyes. It came so suddenly upon him that he dropped his gun on his face, fearing he might have been seen.

Such was not the case, however, as he quickly found out.

"It is as I thought," muttered Fighting Pat; "I've dropped on an encampment of the enemy."

The truth was he had come to a glen in the very heart of the wood; and in the center of the glen was a huge camp-fire, around which were seated, in various attitudes, about twenty or thirty rebels.

This was no doubt only a portion of the force who were encamped in the glen, for numerous indications pointed to three times that number.

His second discovery was that the men occupying this great open space in the forest were part and parcel of a band of guerrillas. "We're friends of the Confederacy," muttered the scout. "Now, I have every respect for the valor of the rebels, but none for these fellows. I wish to Heaven I could give them a big scare."

The guerrillas were laughing, talking and

smoking, and seemed to be enjoying themselves right merrily."

Fighting Pat's quick mind was at work. "He would dearly like to give them a fright."

Now how could he do it without imperiling his own safety?

Within a dozen paces of him he caught sight of a large pile of hand grenades, stoned no doubt from some camp for a dark purpose.

"Just the very thing," he muttered. "If I can only get to them without being seen, I'll give them a rare old scare, one which they won't forget in a hurry."

We have witnessed a little already of Fighting Pat's fearless and intrepid character.

In fact he was a man who courted danger for the sake of overcoming it.

The young scout's object was to steal toward the pile of hand grenades without being observed, and then to blow them up and attend without considerable risk.

The huge camp-fire lit the glen up with almost the brilliancy of day, and before the scout could even reach the heap of deadly missiles a shot from one of the guerrillas might put a stop to him and his acts of daring forever.

That was what he had to consider.

Of course he intended to be able to surprise them and make his escape in time to rejoin his companions to give the alarm.

Was it prudent to thus imperil his and his comrades' safety?

For a moment he hesitated.

Indecision, however, lasted but a short time with one of his nature.

"I'll chance it!" was his mental ejaculation.

In another instant he would have stolen in the direction of the hand grenades.

But hold!

There was a stir on the other side of the glen—a confused commingling of voices—then a tramp of feet—some one was approaching.

The voice grew louder, the steps heavier, then half a dozen heavily bearded men emerged from out of the darkness into the lurid reflection cast by the names of the oncoming men.

As the new-comers came nearer a sudden exclamation, almost loud enough to betray his presence, burst from the scout's lips.

What had caused it?

Simply this: In the center of the men who now came forward was hisold and relentless enemy, Major Hynes.

The major wore the uniform of a Federal officer, minus the hat—this was brigandish in the extreme, and took part largely of the guerrilla type of head-dress.

Had the gallant Jerry turned guerrilla then?

Had he deserted the Federal ranks?

That he was not a prisoner was evident, as he seemed to be on the most friendly terms with the new arrivals as well as with those at the camp-fire.

Nor did he even attempt to disguise his master plan of overthrowing the brigand.

"The infernal villain will try by betraying his brave commander if I don't put a stop to his game," muttered the scout to himself. "I will listen first to what he has to say, and after that I may perhaps be able to settle up old scores. Oh, if I could only take the rascal prisoner I should esteem it the biggest night's work of my life. But that, under the circumstances, is impossible. So I must content myself with hearing what he has to say."

"Well, major, as you have come from the camp of the Yanks perhaps you can tell us where Meagher and Corcoran are, and what they are about?" said the leader of the guerrillas.

"I can give you all the information on that head you want," answered Hynes.

"Then go ahead."

"I intend to tell it for you privately. Who knows but there may be spies listening to us."

"Oh, I think you may rest your mind easy on that score," said the guerrilla chief, a big black-bearded man of a sinister-looking countenance.

"I'd rather not leave anything to chance."

"Perhaps you are right."

"I have seen the result of so many failures in consequence. Come this way and I'll tell you all."

"Very good."

The two men now walked some distance from the camp-fire, and stood for some time conversing earnestly together.

Of course Fighting Pat heard not a word of what was said, which the reader may be sure, considerably angered him.

As it would be out of the question to move from where he was to follow the two men, he awaited quietly their return to the camp-fire.

"I have been foiled in something," said Pat to himself; "but I'll wager that some of them will pay dear for it. And now comes the time for action."

The time for action had indeed come. Major Hynes and the chief of the guerrillas having got through their conversation had returned to the camp-fire.

The two men who had been fixed with a look of inquiry on them.

Now was Fighting Pat's time; while the attention of the guerrillas was distracted, he could easily possess himself of one or two of the destructive hand grenades, and dashing into the glen scatter death and destruction among them.

He did not now wait to consider the consequences.

His blood was up, and some one must suffer.

With a single spring he was in the glen, and the next moment he had secured one of those awful instruments of war.

Then like a flash he cleared the intervening space, hurling the hand grenade into the center of the roaring camp-fire.

"Death to the guerrillas!" he shouted, in as clear as the blast of a cavalry trumpet.

There was an explosion of tremendous force, the flaming brands were scattered right and left, and without waiting to see the deadly effect of his daring act he had bounded from the spot and was lost in the profound darkness of the forest.

CHAPTER X.

WHAT PAT HEARS IN THE FOREST.

We say that the young scout did not wait to see the effects of the hand grenade which he threw into the camp-fire.

It had no doubt caused some destruction and considerable confusion among the guerrillas; but as Fighting Pat's mind was set on escaping the consequences of his daring act he made the best of his way into the forest, and then struck out for the spot where he had left his comrade.

He had waited for some time at the top of his steed, until it suddenly struck him that he might have taken a wrong path in the darkness in spite of the precautions he had employed in coming along.

It did not occur to him just then the probabilities of his being pursued, so he drew up and examined the locality narrowly.

Notwithstanding the intense darkness he made his discovery.

In the hurry of his flight he had come the wrong way.

But could he tell that?

Quite easily.

He had a remarkably piercing eye, and was also a keen and cautious observer.

He had not selected his path blindly when he had left Denny Byrne and Frank O'Mahoney.

He had noted every landmark, so to speak, in the size and shape of trees, any peculiarity about undergrowth, and a hundred other things that might have escaped the scrutiny of an ordinary observer.

Amid the wildest and most intricate forests he was at home, partly from experience, and certainly to a very great degree from intuition.

He had the keen perception of an Indian for forest scenes.

He had run through the wood from childhood, and this was the first time perhaps he was ever at a loss.

He was now most certainly at a loss.

He had not headed in his flight how far he had come, but it must have been somewhat closely approaching a mile.

He listened intently to discover if he had been pursued.

No sound met his ears.

The wild woodhounds wore a dreary and ominous stillness—the stillness of a vast wilderness where no human sound had ever penetrated.

The young scout next cast his eyes above. The trees grew thick around and about him, and the interlacing branches above his head were crowned with an impenetrable foliage which even in daylight might have prevented a ray of light from breaking through.

It might be very dark certainly, but it made little difference in this spot, where it was never anything else.

"I am not pursued, that is evident," said Fighting Pat; "and if the rebels had started out in the first instance, they must have lost track of me. I think my best course is now

to retrace my steps, for Denny and Frank must be anxious about this time for my safety. Besides," he continued, "I must get back to the camp and warn the general of that traitor Hynes."

Now the difficulty was which way to take. He had come thus far at a very rapid pace, and his mind being occupied with the new revelation of Hynes and his schemes he had forgot almost all else in his laudable desire to circumvent the villain and put the two Irish commanders on their guard.

He had a reverent desire to make the best of it, and now there was nothing left him but to rectify the mistake.

Having taken his bearing as well as the darkness would permit him, he set at once about retracing his steps.

He did this very circumspectly, fearing, naturally, that he might drop at any moment on a party of the enemy; for the guerrillas were, no doubt, prowling about in search of him, or just as likely might, before he had time to defend himself, pounce out from behind some tree or bush to intercept and capture him.

The further he proceeded, the more cautious, in consequence, became his movements.

Still he heard not a sound.

All was as silent as the grave.

This, at first, to Fighting Pat, seemed to announce anything but safety, for the guerrilla force, which had made such an impression in probably the only one part in the dense wood—the moreso, perhaps, that he knew that he could not be far from the encampment, if he could at all judge of his surroundings.

However, on he stole, using caution as every step, and resolving not to be caught napping even by the cunning, keen-eyed guerrillas.

He had, at last, struck the path by which he had approached the forest glade, and was pushing rapidly on for the spot where he had left Denny and Frank, when the near sound of a human voice startled him, and caused him to dart behind the trunk of a huge old oak tree.

The voice was singing an unmistakably patriotic Irish song, to which Fighting Pat listened with no little pleasure and surprise.

The man, whoever he was, was at a standstill, and trotted out the following in a voice which was, at least characteristically Celtic:

"By memory inspired
And love of country fired,
The deeds of men I love to dwell upon;
All honour to the best,
Of my spirit must bestow.
A tribute to O'Connell that is gone, boys, gone.
Here's a memory to those that are gone."

In October, Nineteen-seventy-four,
Many a hero went to Heaven—
William Orr to execution was led on;
The jury, drunk, agreed
That he was guilty,
For perfidy and threats drove them on, boys, on.
Here's the memory of poor Orr that is gone.

We say a nation's tears
Should be the truest tears of shean,
Betrayed by Judas, Captain Armstrong,
We may forgive, but yet
We never can forget
The treacherous Master that is gone, boys, gone.
Our high star and true spouse that is gone."

Did Lord Edward die?
Like a man, without a sigh?
But he was a work of Major Swan!
But Sir, with stony and breast,
And coward heart at least.

Let us therefore honor Lord Edward that is gone,
boys, gone!
Here's the memory of our friends that are gone.

September, Eighteen-and-thirty-nine,
Closed this cruel history;
When the last of the world was laid low upon;
Oh, were their spirits wise,
They might then realize
Their friends were given to Wolf Tone that is gone,
boys, gone!

Here's the memory of the friends that are gone.

This song was sung in a low, plaintive voice—for nothing stirs the Irish people so much as any reference to the wrongs of their unhappy country, and the sufferings of too many of her noble but unfortunate sons.

"This is about the last place I should expect to hear such a song," muttered Fighting Pat, to himself. "I wish it was light enough so that I might catch a glimpse of the singer. Whether he be for the South or North the man who sang that hasn't the bad drop in him. I'll go baile. Upon my word I would like to speak to him—if it were only to thank him for the spirit of patriotism he so well broaches. I wonder who he brought him here—he's not a guerrilla, I'm certain. Perhaps he lives in the forest here—a wood-chopper, or something of that sort. I wish to Heaven the moon was up so I might get a good, square look at him."

As neither moon nor stars were out that night, Fighting Pat's wish was not likely to be gratified.

The desire grew stronger and stronger upon the young scout to see the man who had sung that Irish song—ay, and thank him, too.

For the time being every other thought sank into insignificance alongside of this one.

"It's no use; I'm bound to make his acquaintance," muttered the scout. "By his voice, he cannot be more than a score of yards off at most. I wish he'd strike up something else so I could locate him."

He had scarcely given vent to the words, when a bright light shot up out of the darkness and not more than a dozen yards from him.

It came from a match, which the late scout had struck, for the purpose, no doubt, of lighting his pipe.

CHAPTER XI.

FIGHTING PAT DISCOVERS A TRUE FRIEND TO FREEDOM.

The light of the match while it burned, gave Pat Mooney a pretty clear view of the man who was singing the Irish song.

He appeared to be between fifty and sixty years of age, possessing an undoubtedly good face, with a little active figure.

He, in fact, wore an uncommonly honest expression, and his countenance was characteristically Celtic.

There are faces and faces, however; and the four or five different types in the Green Isle are worthy the study of the most learned physiognomist.

East, west, north, and south, materially differing—especially the true old Milesian type, without mix or tainture to be found in the west.

To the latter type the stranger in the wood evidently belonged—he was of the most pronounced Milesian class of feature; and we cannot help associating this class with the imagery and poetry of a land where poetry is as natural as the air one breathes.

"That's my man," said Fighting Pat; and without more ado he hailed him.

"Hello!" responded the stranger. "Who calls?"

"A friend," replied the scout. "I'll be with you in a moment if you have no objection."

"Where are you?"

"Not far away; you may be sure. I saw you strike a match just now, and can therefore get to you without difficulty."

"Are you sure you can find your way in the dark?" said the stranger, in a voice that was entirely free from suspicion.

"Oh, yes, I guess I'll find you in a brace of shakes."

The stranger laughed very heartily at this odd expression, and said:

"You are an Irishman, I believe?"

"You're struck it!"

"Then, stop a minute and I'll light another match, so there'll be no chance of your breaking your neck. There are a few little obstructions—trunks of fallen trees and thick forked branches, and to escape falling into two or three deep holes."

An instant or two later he was at the stranger's side.

"I heard you singing," the young man explained, "and I couldn't quit the spot without making your acquaintance."

"Oh, indeed!" the other ejaculated, in a voice that sounded very pleasant to Pat's ears.

"Yes," he continued, "the songs of the old land touch very tender chords in my heart. I love to hear them, and shake the man's hand who can sing them with the feeling with which they should be sung. You are that man, so give me your hand."

"Upon my conscience, you are very flattering, sir," said the elder man. "I wasn't aware that my voice, or even the words of that song should have any such effect. But, well, all jokes aside, my young friend, you belong to the Union forces, do you not?"

"I do."

"Perhaps you are the man I am after?"

"Eh?" said Fighting Pat, not a little astonished. "Are you searching for any one in particular?"

"I am—a man named Mooney, of Corcoran's Legion. You may be he?"

"That is my name," replied the scout,

"and I have the honor to be a member of the gallant corps you speak of."

"I am glad to hear it. In fact," continued the stranger, "that song I just sang was meant for your ears, and your ears alone."

"Indeed!" said Pat, "that sounds singular."

"Not so singular as you seem to think, if you will but tell. You are in danger!"

"In danger?"

Fat started back a step.

"No, no; not from me," laughed his companion, "but from those who would not hesitate to shed your blood if they came across you. I mean the guerrillas who infest this wood. Listen calmly to me for a moment."

"I do," said the scout.

"I told the good fortune to meet your two friends a short while ago, and saved them from the clutches of those confounded bandits—I can call them nothing else. They were within an ace of being run down, having had to abandon their horses when I came up and had the good fortune of concealing them; but the guerrillas are still scouring the forest, right and left, and, what is more, they have the precaution to shut up every, or almost every avenue of escape from this wood."

"This looks serious," said Fighting Pat, reflectively.

"It would be serious enough if they caught you, but if you follow me, you can snap your fingers at them."

"Who are my comrades?"

"They are here, and you can rest assured of the same safety," replied his new-found friend. "They are in a place in this forest, known to no one but myself."

"And the guerrillas?"

The stranger laughed meaningfully.

"Never you mind the guerrillas," he rejoiced. "They know me too well to give me any trouble. Yes, indeed, make this forest been my home for nearly twenty years," the strange man proceeded, "so that I have carte blanche to go where I like, and do what I like. They do not bother me for my opinions, but they generally suppose that my sympathies are with the Confederacy."

"Are they not?"

"Decidedly not," emphasized the stranger. "I was forced to leave my own land for lack of freedom; and, think you, under the circumstances, I can have any sympathy with enslaving another race, although that race be of a different color?" No, rather would I cut my right hand off than to harbor such an abominable thought; but bark! Did you not hear that?"

The man gripped Fighting Pat's hand, excitedly.

Sure enough there were sounds in the forest—sounds that indicated to the gallant young scout the approach of danger.

"The guerrillas!" said Pat, in a whisper. "You are right. I told you the forest was alive with them, and it is. Look now at those sudden flashes of light through the trees, east, west, north and south. They are coming!"

Suddenly a series of signals rent the night air, and went echoing far and near.

Fighting Pat followed, with his eyes to the points indicated, and beheld flashing lights in the distance.

"We are surrounded," he said, calmly, "and now there is nothing left but to make a dash through them."

"Hist! hist! Don't talk so loud," cautioned his new friend, in an admonitory tone. "The slightest sound travels in a place like this. I am not lost yet. I will save you."

"I am thinking a dash for it?"

"No; quick—come this way!"

The strange man did not speak in a voice above a whisper, but the young scout heard every word he said most distinctly.

For a moment a strange suspicion flashed across his brain.

Was the man trustworthy, or was he playing the game to get him into the clutches of his enemies?

The thought no sooner flashed across his mind than he blushed for very shame.

How apt we are to be suspicious, when, in reality, there is little cause for it!

"Away with the doubt," the young man murmured. "The man is too thoroughly Celtic to play the role of a traitor. I will trust him with my life—ay, with twenty lives if I had them."

The true Celt is incapable of treachery.

The informers who have sprung up from time to time in Ireland, with Irish names, were of that bastard breed in which little dependence can be placed at any time.

They were the outcome of an amalgamation of the Dane, the Norman and the Saxon, with the worst type of the Irish.

The true Celt is never a betrayer, and this has been conclusively proven, without the hazard of a doubt.

"Yes," murmured the scout, "I will trust him with my life!"

CHAPTER XII.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

There was no time to be lost now.

The flashing lights, looming up through the dense darkness of the forest, were approaching nearer and nearer.

There was a veritable living cordon around the two men, from which, under other circumstances, there could be no possibility of escape.

"Come," said the stranger, in his usual cautious tones, "we have not a moment to spare. I must hide you, and at once."

"But what about yourself?"

"Did I not tell you," said his new friend, with a gesture of impatience, "that I have nothing to fear?"

"No; and now no further waste of words, if you please; but follow me."

The stranger was apparently a man of action, and he presently showed it.

"Take a hold of my hand and tread cautiously. The least noise now may cost you your life."

Fighting Pat obeyed the injunction of his friend—for friend he indeed proved—and was led about twenty or thirty feet to the left.

Once or twice he trod on some dried branch or twig, which gave out a peculiar cracking or noise; but these sounds were effectually drowned in the repeated signals of the guerrillas as they drew nearer and nearer every moment.

"Wait here for enough," whispered the stranger, "and no! I'll conceal you in a place where it will puzzle them to find, even though they should suspect that you are somewhere in the neighborhood."

They had drawn up on the south side of the hole of an immense tree—a giant oak of tremendous girth, whose age could not have been less than five or six centuries.

"I'll stand here, and you will follow," the stranger whispered, "and, once inside, I think I can vouch for your safety."

The hole of the oak was literally covered with a mass of vegetation, whose luxuriant foliage served to effectually conceal the fact that it was hollow inside.

The stranger quickly drew aside the vegetation and climbing vines that so thickly enveloped the tree, and, with ceremony, thrust Fighting Pat into the hollow.

"Remain there, and don't speak," he cautioned. "When I have disposed of them I will let you know."

"I hope you'll dispose of them very quickly."

"I will; and you will remain to be seen. However, I will do my best, and no man can do more," saying which he made the hole of the tree look as if the vegetation had not been disturbed, then waited calmly for the guerrillas to come up.

Again the lone forest rang with the cries of the searchers, lights flashed hither and thither as the circle narrowed very materially.

"Halloo—halloo!" rolled the voice of the stranger, above all other sounds.

"Halloo—halloo!" came back the answering response; and then the men who had carried the lights came forward with a rush—from north, south, east and west.

Fighting Pat heard the loud "halloo" of his fate conductor; and for the moment, could not understand what it meant.

Did the man mean betraying him after all?

Again a suspicion of his new friend's integrity flashed across his brain.

"If I thought he brought me here for the purpose of betraying me," said Pat, through his grating teeth, "I'd tear his treacherous heart out." But no, he again murmured, "I will never doubt that a man of his kind would meditate such a dastardly act. These suspicions are unworthy of me."

They were, indeed.

How is a man to know who is his friend under the conditions in which our gallant young scout was placed?

The best of us grow suspicious under such circumstances, and Fighting Pat was no exception.

He was surrounded by dangers, and consequently more liable to suspect people.

The young scout was instantly conscious

of one thing, however—the fact that his strange friend had moved away from the oak in the hollow of which he was hidden from his foes.

"Halloo! halloo! halloo!" rung once more through the wilderness of timber and undergrowth.

The patterning of feet and crackling of branches still continued. Then suddenly all sounds ceased.

Fighting Pat knew from that moment that the sounding party of guerrillas had come to the rescue.

He now strained his listening to its utmost intensity to hear what was said.

He even removed the thick vegetation partly concealing his hiding-place to hear what was said; for it must be admitted, he was not altogether easy in his mind, some lurking suspicion yet remained as to the good faith of his guide.

Fighting Pat prodded himself down to listen to all that was passing. Beyond him was a dense, impenetrable darkness, but not a word of the conversation that passed escaped his keen ear.

The first voice he at once recognized as the one he had previously heard in the glade—the voice, in fact, of the guerrilla chieftain. "I am very glad you're here, Morgan," said this man. "Why didn't you shout before?"

"I did as soon as I heard and saw you," was the reply of Pat's friend.

"Have you been long here?"

"Just a short time."

"How long?"

"About five minutes. It may be ten—I wouldn't be sure."

"So! Did you come across any Yanks in the forest?"

"What?—to-night?"

"Yes."

"I saw no Yankees for more than a month," was the truthful reply.

He had not. He had seen three Irishmen, but no Yankees; and it never struck the coarse mind of the guerrilla to correct himself, and put the question in the way it ought to have been put.

"There are three of them in the forest nevertheless," was the guerrilla's rejoinder; "and if I mistake not, to drown the rest of 'em I'll cut their cursing hearts out. What do you say to this, Morgan—one of the blank cusses had the impudence to steal into our camp and throw a hand-grenade into the fire."

"That was serious," said Morgan, sadly.

"Serious! Serious is no name for it," exclaimed the guerrilla chieftain, swearing out a horrible oath. "It killed two of our men straight off, and wounded three more. I should like to catch the Yank as did it, and if I wouldn't make him smell brimstone, blank me!"

"Catch him by all means," said Morgan, quietly.

"This wouldn't be a bad hiding place for the cuss," said the guerrilla, examining the spot with a curious eye. "Let us search round these trees and among the underbrush. We may find our quarry here."

"That may be, too," said Morgan, laughing.

"Shall I help you?"

"If you like, but—Let the bullets whiz about, boys," continued the leader of the party; "and prod the undergrowth well with your sabers."

The lurid lights of the pine torches went flashing here and there, as the guerrillas set about the work with will.

Every bit of undergrowth was scrutinized carefully.

The repeated reports of revolvers and carbines by Fighting Pat that the guerrillas were doing all in their power to make it hot for any one who might be concealed in their vicinity.

Even the very trees had not escaped.

Bullets went whizzing into their very tops among the branches and foliage—not even the boles escaped.

Two or three of the leaden messengers passed on to Fighting Pat's head-quarters, but he conducted them about, to be made an animated target of; and once they came within an ace of discovering his hiding-place, but they fortunately passed on, and he breathed freely once more.

Suddenly all sounds once more ceased, and the dense forest wore its usual impressive stillness.

Fighting Pat had had a very narrow escape.

to the return of the man who had so nobly befriended him, when suddenly a stealthy footstep caught his ear.

"One of the prowling guerrillas," he thought.

He was wrong.

It was Morgan, who seeing that he could do so safely had come back.

"It's all right," said the man, as he parted the thick vegetation that concealed the hollow in the trunk. "It's all right—come."

"Are they gone?"

"Still scouring the wood for me?"

"No. They have gone back to their encampment in the glade; though every avenue of escape from the forest is still guarded."

"They must be in considerable force here then," said Pat, leaping from his place of concealment and rejoining his friend.

"They are—about six or seven hundred of them—altogether independent of a troop of Confederates or allies."

"They what am I to do?"

"I reckon you'll have to be my guest for a day or two," said Morgan, laughing.

"But that will be impossible," said Pat

"Why impossible?"

"I must be off to warn Corcoran of his danger."

"He is already warned," was Morgan's quiet reply. "I dispatched my son for that purpose some hours ago."

"Your son!" exclaimed Pat, surprised.

"My son! There's nothing very extraordinary in that, is there? I have two of as fine fellows as you'd wish to see in a day's walk. But come, you shall join your two friends, who are anxious about your safety. Your horses are all right. My other boy got them wandering about in the forest, and securing them, brought them to the cave."

"The cave?" ejaculated Pat. "I thought you lived in the log hut?"

"And so I do. But when my friends are in danger the cave is the best hiding place for them."

No more was said.

The two men moved stealthily through the mazes of the forest for about a mile and a half.

Here the guide drew up before a fall, perpendicular crag, whose jagged surface was overgrown with a mass of vegetation.

There seemed no possibility of a cave being there; but still, there was one, as Fighting Pat very soon discovered.

"This is something like the hollow oak," observed Morgan. "Come!"

He drew the gorse, and shrubs and creepers aside, disclosing the entrance to extensive apartments in the solid rock—not one room, indeed, but half a dozen, leading from one to the other.

Of the first cavernous apartment was spacious, the second was more so, and could amply accommodate a couple of hundred men, in case they should be necessitated to hide in the wood.

In this second room there burned a bright wood fire, at which were seated Denny Byrne, Frank O'Mahoney, and a third, a stalwart-looking young fellow, a stranger to Fighting Pat, but who was Morgan's second son.

It seemed needless to state, at this stage, how glad the three comrades were to meet each other, or of the manner in which they thanked their kind entertainer and preserver for their loyal and generous manner in which he had acted.

The five men, during the evening, partook of as deliciously cooked meal as Fighting Pat had eaten for many a long day.

Slowly but surely it may seem the accommodations and conveniences of the cave appeared to be endless.

As the night passed away, and the supper things were removed, whisky, wine and cigars were served out with no stinted hand.

Song and story claimed a fair share of the night's entertainment; and as the one told by Morgan—who, by the way, was a great little antiquarian—would be worth reproducing, we shall forthwith proceed to give it.

The story is one of remarkable beauty and power, and no doubt our readers will agree with us in our estimate.

We reserve it, however, for a long and interesting chapter.

seven extraordinary battalions of the Fenians of Erin.

"In the course of the day, on casting a long and critical eye over the horizon, he beheld a large, smooth-sided and broad-looking ship plowing the waves from the east, and approaching them under full sail.

"When the capacious vessel touched the shore and lowered her sails, the Fenians of Erin counted upon seeing a host of men disembark from her; and great was their surprise when one warrior, and no more, came out of her stern and stood on the beach.

"He was a hero of the highest type of body, the strongest of champions, and in this wise was the kingy warrior equipped—an impenetrable helmet of polished steel incased his ample and beautiful head, a deep furrowed, thick-backed, sharp-edged sword hung at his left side, and a purple-bladed broadsword was slung over his shoulder.

"Such was he in his attire and equipments, and armed in this fashion and manner, did the stranger come into the presence of Finn MacCoul and the Fenians of Erin.

"It was then that Finn, the King of the Fenians addressed the heroic champion and questioned him, saying:

"From what quarter of the globe hast thou come unto us, oh, godly youth, or from which of the noble or ignoble races of the Universe art thou sprung? Who art thou?"

"I am," answered the stranger, Ironbones, the son of the King of Thessaly, and so far as I have traveled on this globe since the day that I left my own land, I have laid every country, peninsula and island under contribution to my sword and my arm—this I have done even to the present hour; and my desire is to obtain the crown and title of King of Ireland in my master's name. For I obtain them not, I purpose to bring slaughter of men and deficiency of heroes and youthful warriors on the seven ordinary and seven extraordinary battalions of the Fenian host. Such, O king, is the object of my visit so this country, and such is my design in landing here."

"Hereupon uprose Conan the Bold, and said:

"Of a truth, my friend, it seems to me that you have come upon a foolish enterprise, and that to the end of your life and the close of your days you will not be able to accomplish your purpose, because from the beginning of ages until now no man ever heard of a hero or ever saw a champion coming with any such mighty design to Ireland who did not find his match in that same country."

Ironbones replied:

"I shall but very little account of your speech, Conan," said he, "for if all the Fenian heroes who have died within the last seven years were now in the world, and were joined by those who are now living, I would visit all of them with the sorrow of death, and show all of them the shortness of life in one day; nevertheless I will make your warriors a more peaceful proposal. I challenge you, then, oh, warrior, to find a man among you who can vanquish me in fighting, and nothing more interesting can you do this, I shall give you no further trouble, but return to my own country without loitering here any longer."

"And pray," inquired Finn, "which of those three many exercises that you have named will it please you to select for the first trial of prowess?"

"To this, Ironbones answered:

"If you can find for me any one champion of your number who can run faster than I can, I will give you no further annoyance, but depart at once to my own country."

"It so happens," said Finn, "that our Man of Swiftness, Keetle MacRonan, is not here at present to try his powers of running with you, and as he is not, it were better. O hero, that you should sojourn here a season with the Fenians that you and their men may be acquainted and appreciate each other's acquaintance by means of conversation and amusements, as is our wont. In the meanwhile, I will repair to Tara of the Kings in quest of Keetle Mac Ronan; and if I have not the good fortune to find him there I shall certainly meet with him at Cis Corawan of the Fenii, from whence I shall without delay bring him hither to meet you."

"The thin Ironbones agreed, saying that he was well satisfied with what Finn proposed, and therupon Finn proceeded on his way toward Tara of the Kings, in search of Keetle.

"Now it fell out that as he journeyed along he missed his way, so that he came to

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CAVE IN THE WOOD.

Nearly an hour had passed.

The young scout was getting impatient as

CHAPTER XIV.

MORGAN'S STORY.

"On a certain day," proceeded the story teller, "a fair and a gathering were held at Benecadar, by the seven ordinary and the

a dense, wide, and gloomy wood, divided in the midst by a broad and miry road or path-way.

" Before he had advanced more than a very little distance on this road, he perceived coming directly toward him an ugly, detestable-looking giant, who wore a gray frieze coat, the skirts of which reached down to the calves of his legs, and were bespattered with yellow mud to the depth of a hero's hand, so that every step he made the lower part of the coat stuck with such violence that his legs as to produce a sound that could be distinctly heard a full mile of ground off.

" Each of the two legs that sustained the unwieldy carcass of this horrible, hideous monster was like the mast of a great ship, and each of the two shoes that were on his shapeless, horny, long-nailed hoofs resembled a roomy, long-sided boat, and every time he took a step at every step that he walked, he splashed up from each shoe a good barrelful of mire and water on the lower part of his body.

" Finn gazed in amazement at the colossal man; for he had never before seen any one so big and bulky. Yet he would have passed onward and continued his route, but the giant stopped and continued his course, and Finn was in the necessity of following and also exchanging a few words with the giant.

The giant began in this manner:

" What ho! Finn MacCoole," said he, " What desire for travelling is this that has seized on you, and how far do you mean to go upon this journey?"

" Oh," said Finn, " as to that, my trouble and anxiety are so great, that I cannot describe them; but, indeed, all the use of the use," added he, " it would be of to me to attempt doing so; and I think it would be better for you to let me go on my way without asking any more questions of me."

" But the giant was not so easily put off.

" Oh, Finn," said he, " you may keep your secret if you like; but all the loss and the misfortune attending your silence will be very great, when you think well upon that, maybe you would not boggle any longer about disclosing to me the nature of your errand."

" So Finn, seeing the huge size of the giant, and thinking it advisable not to provoke him, began to tell him all that had taken place among the Fenians of Erin so short a time before.

" You must know," said he, " that at the meridian hour of this very day, the great Ironbones, son of the King of Thessaly, landed at the harbor of Bineadar with the view of taking the crown and sovereignty of Ireland into his own hands; and if he does not obtain them with the free and good will of the Irish, he tethers his hog to death and destruction, inseparably among the dead and old of our heroes. Howbeit he has challenged us to find a man able to surpass him in running, fighting or wrestling; and if we can find such a man, then he agrees to forego his pretensions and to return to his own country without giving us further trouble; and that," said Finn, " is the history I have for you."

" And how do you propose to oppose the royal champion?" asked the giant. " I know him well, and I know he has the vigor in his hand and the strength in his arm to carry every threat he makes into effect."

" Why, then," said Finn, in answer to this, " I intend to go to Tara of the Kings to this Keelte MacRonan, and to no other man there I mean to go to seek for him; Cis-Corawn, and him it is he," said he, " who means to bring with me for the purpose of vanquishing this hero in running."

" Alas!" said the giant, " weak is your dependence and feeble your champion for propelling and preserving the monarchy of Ireland; and if Keelte MacRonan be your tree of defiance, you are already a man without a country."

" Oh, Finn," said Finn, " for the matter of that, it is my own notion that you have enough to do if you can carry your big coat and drag your shoes with you one half mile of ground in a day without trying to rival such a hero as Ironbones in valor or agility."

" You may have what notions you like," returned the giant, " but I tell you that if I am notable to give a battle to the fighting hero, there never has been, and there is not

now, a man in Ireland able to cope with him. Never mind, Finn MacCoole, let not your spirits be cast down, for I will take it upon myself to deliver you from the danger that presses on you."

" What is your name?" demanded Finn.

" Bodach-um-Chota-Lachtha (the churl with the gray coat) is my name," the giant answered.

" Well, then," said Finn, " you will do well to come along with me."

" So Finn turned back, and the Bodach went on, and so they continued on their travel till they reached Bineadar.

" There, when the Fenians beheld the Bodach attired in such a fashion and trim, they were all very much surprised, for they had never before seen the like of him; and they were greatly overjoyed that he should make his appearance among them at such a critical moment.

" Finn Ironbones he came before Finn and asked him if he had got the man who was to contend with him in running.

" Finn made answer that he had, and that he was at present among them; and thereupon he pointed out the Bodach to him.

" As soon as Ironbones saw the Bodach he was seized with astonishment, and his countenance denoted the wonder at the sight of the gigantic proportions of the mighty man; but he pretended to be only very indignant, and exclaimed:

" What! do you expect me to demean myself by engaging in a contest with such an ugly, greasy, hateful-looking Bodach as that?"

" It is myself that will do no such thing," said he; and he stepped back and would not go near the Bodach.

" When the Bodach heard this, he burst into a loud, boarish, thunderous laugh, and said:

" Come, Ironbones, this will not do. I am not the sort of a person you affect to think you are; it is very well I will have proof of my assertion before to-morrow evening; now let me know," said he, " when is the length of the course you propose to run over, for over the same course it is my intention to run along with you, and if I do not succeed in running that distance with you, it is a fair conclusion that you will the race; and, in like manner, if I do succeed in outstripping you, then it stands to reason that you lose the race."

" There is sense and rationality in your language," replied Ironbones, for he saw that he must submit, and I agree to what you say, but it is my wish not to have the course shorter or longer than three-score miles."

" Well," said the Bodach, " that will answer me, too, for it is just three-score miles from Mount Looora, in Munster, to Bineadar, and it will be a pleasant run for the pair of us, but if you find that I am not able to finish it before you, of course the victory is yours."

" Ironbones replied that he would not contradict so evident a proposition, whereupon the Bodach said,

" What is it proper for you to do now," said he, " is to come along with me southward to Mount Looora this evening, in order that we make ourselves acquainted with the ground we are to go over to-morrow on our return, and we can stop for the night on the mount, so that we may be able to start with the break of day to do the race."

" With this Ironbones acceded, saying it was a judicious speech, and that he had nothing to object to it.

" Upon this the two competitors commenced their journey, and little was the delay they made until they arrived at Mount Looora, in Munster.

" As soon as they got thither, the Bodach addressed them both, and told them that he thought their best plan would be to build a hut in the adjoining wood so they might be protected from the inclemency of the night. For it seems to me, O son of the King of Thessaly," said he, " that if we do not, we are likely to have a hard couch and cold quarters on this exposed hill."

" To this Ironbones made reply, thus:

" You do not please, O Bodach of the Big Coat, but as for me, I am Ironbones, and care not for dainty lodging, and I am mightily disinclined to give myself the trouble of building a house hereabouts only to sleep in it one night, and never see it again; howbeit, if you are desirous of employing your hands, there is nobody to cross you. You may build, and I shall stay here until you have finished."

" Very good," said the Bodach, " and build I will, but I shall take good care that

a certain person who refuses to assist me shall have no share in my sleeping-room should I succeed in making it as comfortable as I can to do so; and with this he took himself into the wood, and set to work cutting down and shaping pieces of timber with the greatest expedition, never ceasing until he had got together six pair of stakes and as many of rafters, which, with a sufficient quantity of brushwood and green rushes for thatch, he carried bound in one load to a convenient spot, and there set them up at once, and regular.

" This part of his work being finished, he again entered the wood, and carried from thence a good load of dry green sticks, which he kindled into a fire that roared from the back of the hut to the door.

" While the fire was blazing merrily, he left the hut, and again addressing his companion, said to him,

" The King of Thessaly, King of Thessaly, called by men Ironbones, are you provided with provisions for the night, and have you eatables and drinkables to keep you from hunger and thirst?"

" No; I have not," said Ironbones, proudly, " it is myself that used never be without people to provide victuals for me when I wanted them," said he.

" Well, then," said the Bodach, " you have not your people near you now, and so the best thing you can do is to come and hunt with me in the wood, and my hand to you, we shall soon have enough of victuals for both of us."

" I never practiced pedestrian hunting," said Ironbones, " and with the like of you I never hunted at all, and I don't think I should like it," said he, in a very dignified sort of a way.

" Then I must try my luck myself," said the Bodach; and off again he bounded into the wood, and after he had gone a little way he roused a herd of wild swine, and pursued them into the recesses of the wood, and there he succeeded in separating from the rest the biggest and fattest hog of the herd, which he skinned, dressed, and carried to his hut where he slaughtered it, and cut it into two halves, one of which he placed at each side of the fire on a self-moving holly spit.

" He then darted out once more and stopped not until he reached the mansion of the Baron of Inchiquin, which was thirty miles distant from thence, and laid off a table and chair, two barrels of wine, and all the bread fit for eating he could lay his hands on, all of which he brought to Mount Looora in one load.

" When he again entered his hut, he found his hog entirely roasted, and in nice order for mastication, so he laid half the meat and bread on the table, and sitting down disposed of them, which lasted till the rising of the sun, at which time he had a hearty breakfast in the morning.

" Having thus finished his supper, he shook a large number of green rushes over the floor, and laying himself down, soon fell asleep, which lasted until the rising of the sun, at which time he awoke.

" As soon as the morning was come, Ironbones, who had got neither food nor sleep the whole night, came down from the mountain's side and awoke Bodach, telling him that it was time to commence their contest.

" The Bodach raised his head, rubbed his eyes, and replied,

" I have another hour to sleep yet, and when I get up I have to eat a half hog and drink a barrel of wine; but as you seem to be in a hurry you have my consent to proceed on your way before me, and you may be sure I will follow you."

" So saying, he laid his head down, and fell again snoring; and upon seeing this Ironbones, who was a little dim-witted, but he moved along heavily and dispiritedly; for he began to have a great dread and many misgivings by reason of the indifference with which the Bodach appeared to regard the issue of the contest.

" When the Bodach had slept some time he got up, wiped his hands and face, and having dressed his body, and put on the coat he proceeded to devour them with the greatest expedition, and then washed them down with a barrel of wine, after which he collected together all the bones of the hog, and put them into a pocket in the skirt of his coat. Then setting out on his race in company with a pure and cool breeze, he trotted on and on; nor did he ever halts in his rapid course, until he had overtaken Ironbones, who, with a dejected air and drooping head, was wending his way before him.

"The Bodach threw down the bare bones of the hog in his path, and told him that he was quite welcome to them, and that if he could find pickings on them, he might eat them."

"For," said he, "you must surely be hungry by this time, and myself can wait until you finish your breakfast."

"But Ironbones got into a great passion on hearing this, and he cried:

"You ugly Bodach, with the big coat, you greasy, lubberly, uncouth tub of a man, I would see you hanged, so you could better eat my bacon and pigging such dirty common bones as these hog's bones, that have no meat on them at all, and have moreover been gnawed by your own long, ugly, boarish tusks."

"Oh, very well," replied the Bodach; "then we will not have any more words about them few bones; but let me recommend to you to adopt some more rapid mode of locomotion, you desire to be the crown sovereign and tribe of the kingdom of Ireland this tump, for, if you go on at your present rate, it is second-best that you will be after coming off, I'm thinking."

"Having spoken, off he darted as swift as a shadow, or a roebuck, or a blast of wind, rushing down a mountain declivity on a March day; Ironbones in the meantime being about as much able to keep pace with him as a man is with a four-wheeled carriage; nor did he check his over-speed until he had proceeded thirty miles on the course."

"He then stopped for a while to eat of the blackberries which grew in great abundance on the way, and while he was thus employed Ironbones came up with him, and spoke to him.

"'Bodach,' said he, 'ten miles behind us I saw our skirt of your gray coat, and ten miles further back again I saw another skirt; and it is my persuasion, and I am clearly of the opinion that you ought to return for those two skirts without more to do, and pick them up.'

"'Is it the skirts of this big coat that I have on me you mean?' asked the Bodach, looking down at his legs.

"'Why, to be sure it is them that I mean,' answered Ironbones.

"Well," said the Bodach, "I certainly must get those skirts again; and so I will run back for them if you consent to stop here eating blackberries until I return."

"What nonsense you talk!" cried Ironbones. "I tell you I am decidedly resolved not to loiter in the race, and my fixed determination is not to eat any blackberries."

"Then move on before me," said the Bodach, upon which Ironbones pushed onward, while the Bodach retraced his steps to the different spots where the skirts of his coat were lying; and having found them, and taken them, he bore the body of the coat, he resumed his route, and again overtook Ironbones, whom he thus addressed:

"It is needless and necessary that I should acquaint you of one thing, O Ironbones! and that is you must run at a faster rate than you have hitherto used, and keep pace with me on the rest of the course, or else there is much likelihood and considerable probability that the victory will go against you, because I will not again have to go back either for my coat-skirts or anything else."

"Having given his companion this warning he set off once more in his usual manner, nor did he stop until he reached the side of a hill within ten miles of Bineadar, where he again fell a-plucking blackberries and eat an extraordinary number of them.

"When he could eat no more his jaws beginning to hurt and his stomach stuffed, he took off his great-coat, and unslipping his scabbard and thred, he sewed it into a form of a capacious sack, which he filled with blackberries.

"This he slung over his shoulders, and then off he scampered for Bineadar, greatly refreshed, and with the speed of a young buck.

In the meantime, Finn and his troops were awaiting his arrival, and drawn for the result of the race; the chief, without knowing who the Bodach was, they had a certain degree of confidence in him, and there was a champion of the Fenians on the top of the Hill of Howth, who had been sent thither by Finn, and had been there from an early hour of the morning to see which of the competitors would make his appearance first in view.

When this man saw the Bodach coming over the nearest eminence with his heavy burden on his back, he thought that, to a certainty, it was Ironbones whom he beheld, and fled back quite terrified to Finn and the

troops, telling them Ironbones was coming up carrying the Bodach dead over his shoulders.

This news at first depressed Finn and the troops, but Finn by and by exclaimed:

"I will give a suit of armor and arms to the man who brings me better news than that."

Whereupon one of the heroes went forth, and had not proceeded far when he espied the Bodach advancing toward the outposts of the troops, and, knowing him at a glance, he ran to Finn and announced to him the glad tidings.

Finn thereupon went joyfully out to meet the Bodach, who speedily came up and threw down his burden, crying out aloud:

"I have good and famous news for all of you; but," added he, "my hunger is great and my desire for food pressing, and I cannot tell you what has occurred until I have eaten a very large quantity of oatmeal and blackberries. I have got the oatmeal if I big sack, but the oatmeal I expect to be provided for me by you, and I hope that you will lose no time in getting it and laying it before me, for I am weak for the want of nutriment, and my corporeal powers are beginning to be exhausted."

Upon hearing this Finn replied that his request should at once be attended to, and in the meantime, that the necessary oatmeal was spread under the Bodach's clothes for length and breadth, with a vast heap of oatmeal in the middle of it, into which the Bodach damped out all the blackberries in his bag, and, having stirred the entire mass about for some time with a long pole, he commenced eating and swallowing with much vigor and determination.

"He had not long been occupied in this way before he descried Ironbones coming toward him, upon his hand on the hilt of his sword, his eyes flaming like red coal in his head, and ready to commence slaying all before him, because he had been vanquished in the contest."

"He was not fated to put his design into execution, for, when the Bodach saw what wickedness he had in his mind, he took up a handful of oatmeal and blackberries, and dashing it upon Ironbones with an unerring aim, he struck him violently in the face that it cut his head spiraling through the air half a mile from his body, which fell to the ground and there remained, writhing in all the agonies of its recent separation until the Bodach had concluded his meal.

"The Bodach then rose up and went in quest of the head, which, after a little searching about, he found, and, casting it from his hands with an unerring aim, he sent it flying along the ground and the half mile back again, until it came to the body; it stopped and fastened on to it as well as ever, the only difference being that the face was now turned completely around to the back of the neck, while the back of the head was in front.

"The Bodach, having accomplished this feat, much to his satisfaction, now grasped Ironbones firmly by the middle, threw him to the ground, tied him hand and foot so that he could not stir, and addressed him in these words:

"'O Ironbones! justice has overtaken you. The sentence you own vain mind had passed on others is about to be pronounced against yourself, and all the liberty that I feel disposed to leave you is the liberty of choosing what kind of death you think it most agreeable to die of."

"'What a silly notion you did get into your noodle, surely, when you fancied yourself a statesman, could make yourself master of the crown, sovereignty and tribes of Ireland, even though there had been nobody to thwart your arrogant designs but myself.'

"'Take comfort and be consoled, for it shall never be said of the Fenians of Ireland that they took mortal vengeance on a single for without any warriors to back him, and, if you be a person to whom life is a desirable possession, and are willing to allow you to live on condition that you will solemnly swear by the sun and moon that you will send the chief tributes of Thessaly every year to Finn MacCoole here in Ireland.'

"With many wry faces did Ironbones at length agree to take the oath, upon which the Bodach loosed his shackles and gave him liberty to stand up; then, having conducted him toward the seashore, he made him go into the ship, to which, after turning its prow from the land, he administered a kick in the stern, which sent it seven miles over the waters at once.

"Such was the manner in which Ironbones

executed his vainglorious project; and in this way he was sent off from the shores of Ireland, without victory, honor or glory, deprived of his life, and ever again boasting in himself to be the first man on the earth in battle or other contests."

"On the return of the Bodach to the troops, the sun and the wind lighted up one side of his face and head in such a way that Finn and the Fian at once recognized him as Mananan MacSir, the tutelary fairy of Crunach, who had come to afford them his assistance in their emergency."

"They received him cordially with all the honor that was due to him, and feasted him sumptuously for a year and a day."

"These are the adventures of the Bodach-an-Chota-Lachtach."

"An' very amusin' adventures they are, too," said Denny Byrne. "Bedad if the Fenians of to-day war as good as the Fenians of Finn MacCoole's time, what a glorious country ould Ireland 'ud be. Begob, I don't think I'll ever be able to get the Bodach out of me mind; and now for a sleep, for we are all tired and weary."

CHAPTER XV.

FIGHTING PAT MENACED BY A TERRIBLE DANGER.

Major Hynes had, by the most extraordinary good fortune, escaped the fatal effect of the bomb that was thrown into the camp by Fighting Pat.

Two men on his right were instantly killed, while three on his left were seriously wounded.

The explosion was deafening, throwing the guerrillas into such confusion that Fighting Pat, ere they could recover themselves, was a considerable distance on his way—the wrong way, however, as he subsequently discovered, to his no little annoyance and distress.

As the reader is, of course, acquainted with all this, it remains now for us to follow the guerrilla chief back to his camp.

Never were men more disgusted than the rebels when they had re-entered the glade; for a Unionist to come into their camp, as Mooney had done, work so much destruction, and then escape, was more than they could understand.

In fact, they did not believe that any man living had the hardihood to attempt, let alone accomplish such an act of daring—for daring it was, beyond the question of a doubt; and yet, had they been but acquainted slightly with Fighting Pat's character, they would not have been greatly surprised at what he had done.

As it was, there had been only one person in the glade at this time who had recognized him, and that was Major Hynes, the treacherous officer of Meagher's brigade.

Hynes did not at first let on that he knew the scout—oh, dear, no. He kept that to himself.

Some members of the command of the guerrilla leader had made the discovery long before that there were two other Unionists concealed in the forest.

In fact, about seven or eight of them had come evidently from Frank and Denny, while there were seriously awaiting the return of Fighting Pat.

These the guerrillas had pursued for some time, then finally lost sight of them altogether, and returned to report the fact to their chief, which had the effect of putting the whole force on the alert.

Over a hundred men were sent in various directions to intercept them, and every avenue from the forest was jealously guarded, the hope of being enabled finally to effect their capture.

Now we come to a point where Jerry Hynes and the colonel of the "Irregulars" were holding a quiet discussion, which, in the main, referred to Corcoran and his Legion.

The colonel had obtained from Jerry which he considered information of value to the Confederacy, and he had no doubt that the man he had sent to him was a member of Meagher's brigade, and a certain Tennessee cavalry regiment, would succeed in making Corcoran and his force prisoners. He had also similar designs on Meagher's brigade, and hoped, with reinforcements of infantry and cavalry, which the Confederacy would place at his disposal, to be able eventually to scoop the Irish forces into Southern military prisons, at least those who were left of them; but Major Jerry Hynes was not the man to work out the plan of retribution.

He very frankly estimated that he was in no great love with Federals or Confederates, simply looking upon the whole thing as a

business speculation, by which he hoped and expected to reap good profits, with little personal risk.

"Please, observe," he explained, "that though I have resided in the North for a few years, I do not care one jot for the people. The Southerners I know nothing of; therefore cannot speak for against them—from the very fact that I have not lived amongst them."

"Frankly spoken," said the guerrilla chieftain, laughing. "Had you said anything else under the circumstances, I should not have believed you—pardon me for so saying. And now about your Irish friends?"

"I love them about as much as the devil loves holy water," said Jerry, blithely. "I am neither Irish by descent, nor am I Irish in sympathy."

"Then why did you join their ranks?"

"Simply because it suited my purpose," the rascal answered. "You perceive," he added, with a disagreeable chuckle, "a man to be frank and truthful to the end."

"That is so long as it suits your purpose," said the other, with a slight touch of sarcasm in his tones.

"Exactly so."

"How would a command in our service suit you?"

"Not at all. There's no money in it."

"How do you know that?" asked the guerrilla colonel, sharply.

"I can form a pretty shrewd guess."

"You are a strange fellow."

"That I have been told before to-day," replied the traitor. "But joking aside," he continued, "I can do all that have told you, and more, to make you have no voice."

"Men of your kind generally have," was the guerrilla's contemptuous reply.

He was unable even to suppress a shrob of disgust at Jerry's coldblooded manner of viewing things; for, bad as he was, he was a veritable angel of light when compared to Jerry Hynes.

But he was a man, nevertheless, who cared little for the world as he employed, so long as that instrument enabled him to carry out his plans successfully.

"What is your opinion of Corcoran's merits as a general?" was the next query.

Major Hynes shrugged his shoulders with contempt, as he replied:

"I don't think much of his generalship."

"He has not been tried yet?"

"Granted."

"You cannot deny that he is a brave man?"

"A brave man does not always make a good general," said Hynes, and very truthfully. "You have many brave commanders, for instance, in the Confederacy, but few good generals. Corcoran, in my opinion, is rank and impetuous, brave and bold, but undoubtedly is—but these are qualities very often possessed by fools. Between you and me," continued Hynes, "you'll have no trouble in gobbling Corcoran up if you act circumspectly. Follow my advice, pay well for that advice, and, my word for it, General Corcoran will be in a Southern prison another month passes over his head. If you do, I will add that he is not likely to encounter Pryor, and as Pryor's generalship don't amount to a row of pins, using your own classical phrase, Pryor will be worsted, and Corcoran promoted. That is just how the matter stands."

"How do you know that Corcoran will meet Pryor?" asked the guerrilla colonel, curiously.

"Everything points that way."

"Sure?"

"As sure as I have two hands on my body. And let me further tell you—if they are allowed to meet, the fight will take place in the neighborhood of the Blackwater."

"You seem to be pretty well posted," laughed the colonel. "The fact is, Pryor means fortifying some heights in that direction, and may have already done so. And now, about Meagher?"

"He is a man of different caliber."

"How?"

"You seem to know nothing about him?"

"Very little."

"Then, let me enlighten you. He is one of the few impetuous, headstrong men, who possess real military genius; and in my opinion, an all-round man; he has not only a sound general, a great orator, but, in my opinion, a great statesman as well. Let them once give him the chance, and he'll show them what he is made of."

"This is your hero."

"Not at all."

"You eulogize Meagher, because you have a grudge against Corcoran—isn't that it?"

"You are wrong—the two men, however, are not fit to be mentioned in the same breath. Personally, I don't like either of them—they're too Irish for me; consequently there is no love lost between us."

There was little doubt of one fact, however—Jerry Hynes hated the gallant Michael with a fierce and bitter hatred.

He never forgave the night that Major Makin, the glass of wine in his face, not the fact that he had been driven ignorantly from the camp.

Whenever the chance presented itself, therefore, the poisonous drop in his nature would show itself in his lying abuse of Corcoran's generalship.

This at last had become a favorite theme with him.

The man to whom he was speaking, however, weighed his criticism for what it was worth—in fact, he had put its true value upon it.

During one of the pauses in this conversation, about half a dozen guerrillas entered the glade.

They were men, apparently, who had been on duty of some kind, for, as the lurid light of the camp-fire fell upon them, Jerry Hynes discovered that each man carried, besides his carbine, a brace of revolvers and a sabre.

They were all burly, strong fellows, of an aspect not altogether pleasing—in fact, a ferocious looking lot of bandits the eye of man never beheld.

The leader—a stalwart six-footer—left his men, and, approaching his colonel, saluted him.

"Well, Jonkin," said his commander, brusquely, "what is it?"

"I would speak with you alone," said the man, "if you have time."

"Very well. Is it anything important?"

"It is."

The man stole a furtive glance at Major Hynes, and then said:

"Will you excuse me a moment, major?" said the colonel.

"Most certainly."

The two men walked to one side, and stood talking earnestly for a couple of minutes.

"What's in the wind now," thought Hynes, and why did that black-muzzled fellow look so scathingly at me?"

The colonel and the guerrillas dismissed the man, and came back.

"Did you recognize the fellow who cracked the hand-grenade into the camp-fire?" he asked, abruptly.

"Why?"

"Did you?"

"A Yes."

"That man is going to give us some trouble before he is done," said the colonel.

"I have no doubt of that," rejoined Hynes; "that is, if you are fool enough to let him."

"Who is he?"

"A simple private in the Irish Legion."

"And his name?"

"You seem to be greatly interested in him, Sir Hynes," with a slight smile.

"I'm so, and have good cause to be; as I fear he will be the means of upsetting all my plans. As you know him, you must likewise know his name?"

"His name is Mooney, and in the Legion he is known under the sobriquet of 'Fighting Pat,' and an incarnate devil to fight he is, as I have often observed to my cost."

"You have had a taste of his handiwork?" asked the guerrilla.

"Ay, indeed, and more than once; and, to tell the good, honest truth, I'd rather have no more of it. He's the worst man in a row I ever came across."

"A regular fire-eater," said the colonel.

"That's the very man I want to meet. We will put a stop to his fire-eating before to-morrow's sun. You saw the man, Jonkin, who came up to me a few minutes since?"

"Yes."

"Well, it was he that brought me word of this fire-eater of yours."

"He is in the forest then still?"

The guerrilla nodded.

"Yes, in the forest," he proceeded, "and sheltered by a man on whom I would have defended my life ere this happened."

"The old woodcutter you were speaking of?"

"The same. One of my scouts happened to track the twain to the cave about two miles from here. It is set in the face of a solid mass of granite, and so bountifully has

nature enveloped it with thick masses of vegetation that it would have remained undiscovered till the crack of doom for me. I have passed the spot five hundred times, and never once dreamed of such a place."

"What do you propose doing?" asked Hynes, who experienced a fierce joy at the prospect of Pat falling into the hands of the guerrilla chief.

"What do I propose doing?" hissed his companion. "I propose putting them all to death by the most horrible means I can think of. I shall throw enough combustibles into the cavern to inflict on them the tortures of the damned. The man who deceives me once has no second chance. He dies with the rest!"

CHAPTER XVI.

COLONEL O'SHAUGHNESSY OF THE ROYAL RASERS.

The Irish Legion, after several brushes with the enemy, had encamped on the banks of a small stream, from which the general had dispatched the three scouts to ascertain the status of the camp and the number of them.

As Fighting Pat and his two companions were longer away than was expected, very grave doubts began to be experienced by Corcoran and his officers as to their safety.

Perhaps they had been shot down, or, what was more likely, made prisoners by the enemy, so that considerable uneasiness was manifested over their safety.

General Corcoran, Major Mahon, and Courtenay sat in the latter's tent enjoying some fine Havana cigars and a glass or two of wine.

"Tell you what, general," said Courtenay, breaking the silence, "that young fellow, Fighting Pat, as he's called, would be a great loss to us just now."

"A great loss to us at any time," said Major Mahon. "He is one of the best and most fearless soldiers I ever saw."

"He is the king of them all," echoed Courtenay, enthusiasmistically, "and a fine, jovial fellow he is, too. Why not give him a commission, general?" appealing directly to the gallant Michael.

"Why?"

"Yes, I should like to know why?"

"Only for one good, honest reason—he would not accept it. He entered the Legion a private, and this is his fixed determination to go out as one."

"That's a pity," said Mahon.

"It's more than a pity—it's a shame," added Courtenay. "How the devil any man can object to a commission is more than I can understand; and, coming to think, I can't understand it. The reason for leaving the British army was from the fact that promotion came too slow, and I didn't care about buying above men who had grown gray in the service. Now, I really don't think I should feel offended if they sent me my colonel's commission to-morrow—I mean these snail-paced people in Washington, who, by Jove, have as much red tape about them as the English. Welcome, O'Shaughnessy! Welcome, my boy! Come in here, and join us! How's every bit of you, old man?"

The last words were addressed to a young officer who had suddenly entered the tent, and finding that Courtenay had company, was about to beat a hasty retreat when Courtenay pinned him, so to speak.

"I presume you know General Corcoran, Tom?"

"I haven't that honor," replied the young lieutenant, who was a member of the Irish brigade and on General Thomas Francis Meagher's staff.

"This, general, is my old friend, Lieutenant O'Shaughnessy, late of Killinabon Castle, County Dublin; this, Tom, is General Corcoran, the gallant chief of the Irish Legion, to which I have the honor to belong."

As Mahon had been introduced to him previously, a simple hand-shaking took place, and after a glass of wine and a cigar all round, the conversation was resumed.

"Do you think, general, that your scouts are in the hands of the graycoats?" said Courtenay, leading him back to the subject upon which they had been speaking prior to the entrance of Lieutenant O'Shaughnessy.

"I really don't know what to think," replied Corcoran. "They are certainly much delayed by their time, but they may have been delayed through various causes."

"I think we may safely conclude," said Mahon, "that Pat will clear steer of difficulties, if there be a possibility of doing so; and you may depend he has got everything con-

cerning the graycoats by this down to a fine point."

"That is, if they haven't gobbled him up," said Courtney, laughing. "But this is a dry subject, gentlemen—drink."

"You'll have us three sheets in the wind before we know where we are," said Mahon, jocularly. "Good health, gentlemen!"

"Good health!" "Good health!" came from around the table.

"I hear Pryor is going to give you a tough time of it, general," said young O'Shaughnessy.

"How, pray?"

"He's already fortifying the heights above the Blackwater, and he says he will hold out till the crack of doom, if necessary."

"Pryor is a boaster," said Corcoran, contemptuously; "but, really, this is the first time I have heard that he has formed such an intention. However, let him fortify away, and then we'll fall upon him and take him *impregnable* position."

The general emphasized "impregnable," scornfully.

More than ever at that moment did he long for the return of Fighting Pat. Nor did he really intend allowing Pryor to go on longer than he could possibly help with his work of fortifying the heights above the Blackwater.

By this time the whole party was getting pretty jolly over their wine and cigarette.

Courtney called upon O'Shaughnessy to relate a particular incident in his father's life, with which he was wont to wind up a convivial evening.

After considerable urging, Tom O'Shaughnessy was prevailed upon to go on with his narrative.

It is a very amusing experience, as the reader will at once agree; and here goes, without further preamble:

"My father," said Tom, "for reasons best known in the King's Bench, spent a great many years of his life in that part of Ireland geographically known as lying west of the law, and was obliged for certain reasons of family, of course, to come to Dublin at certain long intervals.

"He never proceeded on a journey of the kind without due caution—two trusty servants forming his escort, and to pass through the county for at least five miles in advance; after them came a skirmishing body of a few tenants, who, for the consideration of a few pounds of paying rent, would have charged the whole Court of Chancery, if needful.

"One fine morning, a stout escort of his followers were, as usual, under arms, to see him safe in the chaise, the passage to and from which every day being the critical moment of my father's life."

"It is right, your honor," said his own man, as, armed with a billiard-hus, he opened the bedroom door.

"Time enough, Tim," said my father; "close the door, for I haven't finished my breakfast."

"Now, the real truth was, that my father's attention was at that moment withdrawn from his own concerns by a scene which was taking place in a field beneath his window.

"A number of rebels had stopped upon the roadside, out of which sprung three gentlemen who, proceeding to the field, seemed bent upon something, which, whether a survey or a duel, my father could not make out.

"He was not long, however, to remain in ignorance.

"One with an easy lounging gait, strode toward a certain corner; another took an opposite direction; while a third, a short, plump gentleman in red, handkerchief and a rabbit-skin waistcoat, proceeded to open a mahogany box, to the critical eyes of my respected father, was agreeably suggestive of bloodshed and murder.

"A duel, by Jupiter!" said my father, rubbing his hands. "What a heavenly morning the scoundrels have—not a leaf stirring, and a soul like a billiard table."

"Well, then, the little man who officiated as second, it would appear, with a heart that bursted about with an activity little congenial to his shape; and, what with snapping the pistols, examining the flints and ramming down the charges, had got himself into sufficient perspiration before he commenced to measure of the ground.

"Short distance, and no quarter!" shouted one of the combatants.

"Across a handkerchief, if you like!" roared the other.

"Gentlemen—every inch of them!" responded my father.

"Twelve paces!" cried the little man. "No more and no less. Don't forget that I'm alone in this business."

"A very true remark!" observed my father; "and an awkward predicament yours will be if they are both shot."

"By this time the combatants had taken their places, and the little man, having delivered his pistols, was leisurely retiring to give the word.

"My father, however, whose critical eye was never at fault, detected a circumstance which promised an immense advantage to one at the expense of the other; in fact, one of the parties was so placed with his back to the sun, that his shadow extended in a straight line to the very foot of his antagonist.

"Unfair—unfair!" cried my father, opening the window as he spoke, and addressing himself to him of the rabbit-skin. "I crave your pardon for the interruption," said he; "but I fear bound to observe that that gentleman's shadow is likely to make a shade of him."

"So it is," observed the short man; "a thousand thanks for your kindness; but the truth is I am totally unaccustomed to this sort of thing, and the affair will not admit of delay."

"Not an hour!" said one.

"Not five minutes!" growled the other of the combatants.

"Put them north and south," said my father.

"It is thus?"

"Exactly so; but now again the gentleman in the brown coat is covered with the ash tree."

"So he is!" said rabbit-skin, wiping his forehead with agitation.

"Move them a little to the left," said he.

"That brings me upon an eminence," said the gentleman in blue. "I'll not be made a court-of-ass to you."

"What an awkward little thing it is in the hairy waistcoat!" said my father; "he's lucky if he don't get shot himself."

"May I never! if I'm not sick of you both!" ejaculated rabbit-skin, in a passion. "I've moved you round every point of the compass, and the sorrow a nearer we are than ever."

"Give us the word," said one.

"The word?"

"An instant murder!" said my father.

"I don't care," said the little man; "we shall be here till doomsday!"

"I can't permit this," said my father.

"Allow me—" So saying, he stepped upon the window-sill and leaped down into the field.

"Before I can accept of your politeness," said he, of the rabbit-skin, "may I beg to know your name and position in society?"

"Nothing more," said my father, to the messenger.

"I'm Miles O'Shaughnessy, colonel of the Royal Paces; here is my card."

"The piece of pasteboard was placidly handed from one to the other of the party, who saluted my father with a smile of most courteous benignity.

"Colonel O'Shaughnessy," said one.

"Miles O'Shaughnessy," said another.

"At Killenard Castle," said a third.

"At your service," said my father, bowing; and presented his small box; "and now to business, if you please; for my time also is limited."

"Very true," observed the rabbit-skin, "and as you observe, now to business, in virtue of which, Colonel Miles O'Shaughnessy, I hereby arrest you in the king's name. Here is the writ: it's the suit of Barnaby Kelly, of Loughrea, for the sum of £1,583 19s. 7d., which—

"Before he could conclude the sentence, my father discharged our obligation, by implanting his closed knuckles in his face."

"The blow, well aimed and well intentioned, sent the little fellow somerseting like a sugar hoghead."

"It was of no avail.

"The others, strong and able-bodied, fell both upon him, and after a desperate struggle succeeded in getting him down.

"To tie his hands, and to lay him to the charge, took a week of a few moments, and as my father drove by the inn, the last object which caught his view was a bloody encounter between his own people, and the myrmidons of the law, who in great numbers had laid siege to the house during his capture.

"Thus was my father taken, and thus, in reward of yielding to a virtuous weakness in his character, was as consigned to the ignominy of death of a felon."

The story was capitally told, and produced considerable amusement as well as laughter, whereupon they had another drink; then Corcoran was suddenly called away, an important messenger having arrived in camp.

CHAPTER XVII. GENERAL CORCORAN'S BRUSH WITH THE GUERRILLAS.

The messenger who had arrived in camp happened to be Morgan's son, who, as the reader is already aware, had been dispatched by his father with an account of the peril of the three scouts, as well as other matters of an equally important character.

The orderly who came for General Corcoran was able to where the messenger stood awaiting him.

Morgan's son had dismounted from his tired steed, and had the reins thrown over his left arm, as the general came up.

In his right, he was toying with a riding whip.

Corcoran's keen eye wandered from horse to rider.

The latter was as fine a specimen of a man as ever the general saw in his life—not even excepting Fighting Pat, who was the most handsome and gallant soldier in the Legion.

As the general came up, the messenger saluted respectfully.

"Do you bear dispatches?" said Corcoran.

"Not quite, general. I have been sent here by my father to give you certain information."

"You father! Do I know him, then?"

"I believe not, general. I don't think you have ever even met him."

"Then why," said Corcoran, with a tinge of suspicion, "does he take so much interest in my affairs?"

"He is a good Unionist."

"Ah, yes?"

"And an Irishman. Besides—" The messenger hesitated.

"Well?" said the general. "Proceed."

"I have come to inform you of the danger threatening three scouts claiming to belong to your command."

Corcoran was once interested.

"Three scouts, you say?"

"Yes," was the messenger's reply.

"Do you know their names?" he asked.

"Yes, I have heard them. Have you three men out, general, who answer to the following: Fighting Pat, Denny and Frank?"

"These are the very men," said Corcoran, hurriedly. "But tell me the nature of the danger that threatens them?"

Young Morgan briefly recapitulated most of what is already known in the reader; also the fact that the forest was a hotbed of guerrillados, and had been so for a considerable time.

"That don't wants wiping out," said Corcoran, grimly; "and, instead of attacking and surprising us, we'll attack and surprise them. Are the three scouts in any immediate danger?"

"Ha, that is more than I can say, General Corcoran," said the young man. "The guerrillas are guarding every outlet from the forest, and in this they are assisted by two Tennessee regiments encamped on the other side of the wood. Again, let me tell you, general, you can't be with us messenger."

"What? that if any great troub le had been, your command, you might owe mostly all of it to a pretended officer of Meagher's brigade—Major Hynes, he calls himself!"

"What? Jerry Hynes!" exclaimed Corcoran, scarcely believing his ears. "I can hardly credit this. Coward he is, and villain; but I can hardly think that he would have the temerity or boldness to play the role of traitor and spy. By my honor, if that which you say is true, and it turns out to be true, he shall surely die the day and hour he joined Meagher's brigade!"

"I will vouch for the truth of what I state to my life, general," said the messenger, earnestly. "The man Hynes is a double-dyed traitor and villain, and he may be even now bartering the blood of the noble Meagher. I was an eye-witness to his treachery, not two nights since, and, believe me, he means to set you both."

"What?"

"Yes; the gallant Meagher and yourself."

"This must be seen to, and at once," said the general.

Corcoran dismissed the messenger for the time being, and summoned the officers of the Legion together to consult as to the best means of relieving the three scouts, as well as administering severe chastisement to the guerrillas.

It was decided to march at once.

Six hundred men were selected and pushed forward, and, as they neared the wood where the guerrillas were encamped, a perfect fusillade of bullets met them.

They had been fired at by a troop of the enemy.

"Forward! Charge!" exclaimed the officers of the various companies.

The other men, with a loud cheer, broke for the timber, and, in five minutes, not a guerrilla was to be seen.

They had scampered off through the wood as fast as their legs could carry them.

Led on by young Morgan, the boys of the Irish Legion pushed for the glade, some scattering trees meeting them on the way.

To their surprise, they had little heed, and, reaching the open, they were confronted determinedly for the first time.

Nothing could withstand the onset of the Irish.

The guerrillas were driven before them like chaff before the wind.

In less than twenty minutes not a rebel was to be seen; but it must be confessed that Corcoran had a force of over two to their one.

Where were the scouts?

They were evidently not prisoners, or they would have been discovered bound in the glade upon the flight of the Confederates.

Where were they?

This was a question at that moment most difficult to answer, for even young Morgan had disappeared.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

We may now return to the rocky cavern in which we last left Fighting Pat and his comrade for the previous night.

Morning had scarcely broken when the sound of many voices came upon their ears.

Fighting Pat, a light sleeper at any time, leaped instantly to his feet.

He listened to the sounds that came floating into the cavern.

There was no mistaking them; and whoever the parties were, it was evident that they took pains to conceal their presence or the work in which they were employed.

There were quite a number of them, too—throwing the dried branches of trees and other combustible matter into the cave.

They seemed to go very methodically about their work, as if their present employment was an ordinary everyday occurrence.

"We can all guess," said a man will facing and suddenly disturbed out of a sound sleep, "that Fighting Pat was no exception to the rule."

He was puzzled beyond expression.

What object had the party of men who were employing themselves so industriously?

Who were they?

If enemies, and knowing of their presence, could they not easily have rushed into the cavern and captured the five men while still wrapped in profound slumber?

Mooney gradually awoke to the perils of his position.

The fact gradually dawned upon him that the dark figures pluming themselves so industriously were the very men from whom he had the most to fear—in fact, his acquaintances of the preceding evening—the guerrillas of the glade!

And their work?

Now thoroughly aroused, the truth flashed across his mind—these men were about to doom them to the most lingering and horrible of deaths—that of burning and suffocation!

The manner in which they took to revenge themselves was brutal, nay, fiendish!

"My God! have mercy on us!" groaned the young scout; and for the first time in perhaps his whole life his firmness seemed to completely desert him.

He was appalled—horrified!

There are circumstances under which the strongest and bravest of the whole human species give way to feelings of terror.

Fortunately in the instant, Mooney's feelings were of overwhelming desperation. Then comes the reaction—the nerves are strung to the utmost tension—the blood circulates with more than its wonted rapidity, and once more we feel ourselves strong to battle for that which is dear to us all—life and liberty!

Thus felt Fighting Pat, when he had fully realized the danger which threatened himself and his friends.

The four men still slept unconscious of their great peril—slept peacefully, never dreaming for an instant of the horrible death that menaced them.

The time for action had indeed come, and the young scout crept back to where his comrades lay and shook the slumbering forms one after the other.

"Awake! awake!" he said, in a hoarse whisper.

"What's the trouble?" said Morgan, as he sat up, drowsily rubbing his eyes.

"Come, come," replied Pat, "there's no time for fooling just now. The cave is discovered, and they mean burning us alive!"

"Who?" was the query.

"The guerrillas!"

"The devils! and the old man was on his feet again!"

The rest followed suit, not even yet realizing the full extent of Fighting Pat's words.

This dreaminess soon passed away, as they caught the voices of their gray-coated enemies and beheld dark figures moving back and forth in front of the cavern's entrance.

"Hah! and so they have discovered your fighting Pat and Morgan, as he watched for an moment or two the work that was progressing at the entrance.

The calmness of the old man's demeanor had an electric effect on the three scouts.

His tones were so reassuring that it braced them up considerably.

Perhaps there was some other entrance to those wonderful caverns, but the movements by which the rebels passed and defied those savage and bloodthirsty guerrillas.

"I perceive they mean making it hot for us!" said old Morgan, calmly, "and what is more, they are willing that we should know of their intentions."

"They certainly take no trouble to disguise the fact," rejoined O'Mahoney. "The devils are working like beavers."

"I am sorry to tell the discovery," said the old man, musingly.

"The discovery!"

"I mean the discovery of this cavern. They must have tracked us last night."

They unanimously agreed that this was the only true solution of the matter.

As the fire in the cavernous apartment had long since died out, nothing could be seen from the outside of what was transpiring in the interior.

Perhaps it was well it was so, and no doubt the guerrillas labored under the idea that the occupants of the cave still slept.

"This will be a hiding-place no more," said old Morgan, regretfully.

"And who the devil cares about that?" said Denny Byrne.

"What we care about is to get out of it. I, for one, don't want to be smothered alive, or smothered with smoke. So let me get out of it with as little delay as possible."

"But the difficulty is to get out," said Frank O'Mahoney, dubiously. "If there is no other way but that, pointing to the entrance, 'then all I can say is we are caught like rats in a trap.'

"Do you speak so loud," cautioned Morgan. "The scoundrels think we are still asleep, and let them think so. This wood has been my home for nigh onto twenty years," continued the old man, sadly. "Here indeed have I spent many a pleasant, peaceful hour. Well—well, home it is no longer."

"To the devil I pitch such a home," growled Byrne, interrupting him. "The question now is, how are we to get out of it? I don't think any of ye's are in love wid the soot's death them blaggard guerrillas—bad luck to them!—have in store for us, that ye's should remain palaverin' here, when we can either fight or find our way into the open air. Begob, I'm now smotherin' it is."

"The very thought of seeking out the place was known to all of a heap. Be ye mortal powers! if I was burned up here, I'd never forgive myself the longest day I lived."

"Fear not," said the elder Morgan, reassuringly.

"Arrah, what gab are ye givin' us?" interrupted Byrne, with a gesture of impatience. "Isn't it enough to make a man's heart throb to be Christian-sown in his body? We'll not martyrs yet, thanks be to Heaven! I don't mane to be aither, if there's the last chance of gettin' out o' this."

"My father told you to have no fear," said the younger Morgan, "and you need have none."

"Then there are two entrances to the cave?" said Fighting Pat, eagerly.

"But likely the guerrillas are guarding the other?"

"They've not discovered the second entrance," replied the old man, confidently.

"How do you know that?"

The young scout had no desire to leave anything to chance.

"Simply," replied the elder Morgan, "that if they'd found entrance number two, they would immediately see the utter futility of the work upon which they are at present engaged."

Bah! the only thing that now

troubles me, is the fact, that I will be compelled to leave the old forest forever, and it comes very hard at my time of life to part with scenes so fondly familiar; but enough!" said the old man. "The dawn has come, and we must make our way into the open air."

"Be the mortal powers! but that's the wisest thing I've heard ye say yet," rejoined Byrne.

"Ha!" cried Fighting Pat, as his eyes wandered to the entrance of the cave. "They have already fired the brush—look—"

"Scarcely had he uttered the word when a vast sheet of flame shot up from the cavern entrance, and loud yells of triumph from the guerrillas without came echoing with terrible significance into the cave.

Higher and higher shot the flames, and, as they mounted to the cavern's roof, the yell of the men outside grew perfectly fiendish.

They still continued their devilish work. Pile after pile of burning mass, and as it continued to burn, fiery clouds of suffocating, black smoke were wafted into the cavern.

Suddenly the triumphant shouts of the rebels were drowned amid a rattling discharge of musketry.

Then came a second, and a third volley.

What could all this firing mean?

The little party, headed by Morgan, paused in their flight, and, as they went toward the second entrance, they paused with wildly-beating hearts and listened.

They were not left much longer in doubt.

The fire which had been built at the entrance of the cave was suddenly scattered right and left, and through the flames and smoke they caught sight of the uniforms of the Irish Legion!

The guerrillas had received a crushing blow.

Had their leader anticipated the trouble that was in store for his command he would have devised other means of ridding himself of the obnoxious scout, but as it was he had lost valuable time in giving way to a mean and unmanly spirit of revenge.

The result was that he and his whole force were cut up to a man.

The cruel, not to say barbarous and uncivilized, action of the guerrillas had so incensed the boys of the Irish Legion that they shot these brigands down right and left without evidencing any disposition to give them quarter or to even spare their lives.

It was known to all that Morgan, his son, and the three scouts found it unnecessary to carry the former's project into effect.

Their foes were vanquished, the roaring, seething fire at the entrance of the cave extinguished, and they were soon freed to the breasts of the victors, and hurried out into the open, where they once more breathed freely, and forgot the perils to which they had been exposed before being exposed.

Their danger had been much greater than had they imagined.

By some means the guerrillas had discovered the second entrance to the cave, so that there was no earthly possibility of the escape of our five friends; and should they have attempted to leave in that direction, even they would have found the exit most effectually blocked up.

Everything considered, they were extremely fortunate.

In fact, the prompt arrival of General Corcoran and his men had saved them a horrible and lingering death.

Among the slain guerrillas there was one discovered wearing the uniform of Meagher's brigade.

It was Fighting Pat's old enemy, Jerry Hynes.

The traitor had met the fate he richly merited—a minie-ball had passed through his heart.

We have little more to add.

Having rid the forest of the guerrillas, General Corcoran and his men marched back to the camp.

After remaining there a short time, during which Fighting Pat and his two comrades passed through many hairbreadth escapes, the order came from McClellan to storm the heights overlooking the Blackwater.

These, as the reader is already aware, were occupied by the Confederate chief, General Pryor.

This proved the most disastrous effort of poor Corcoran's life, and only ended in defeat and death to many a gallant Irishman.

Three times they scaled the heights, and as many times were they repulsed with terrible slaughter.

Fighting Pat performed prodigies of valor,

and was finally borne off the field severely wounded and unconscious.

For weeks and weeks he hovered between life and death, but his robust constitution stood him in good stead, and he finally recovered.

His soldiering days were over. He had lost an arm in the defense of his adopted country.

His true love on the other side of the Atlantic was forgotten, and as time passed on and toward the close of the war our hero took to himself a wife, and is now occupying a prominent position in a great Western city, where he lives respected and happy. But he is still known by the sobriquet of Fighting Pat!

[THE END.]

THE SCOUT OF NANSEMOND;

OR,

The Siege of Suffolk.

BY JOHN W. SOUTHDARD.

CHAPTER I.

BEFORE SUFFOLK.

Suffolk is a town of considerable importance, situated in Southeastern Virginia, which, at the commencement of the late war, boasted a population of about one thousand inhabitants.

The village is pleasantly located on the south side of the Nansemund river, just at the head of navigation, and is twenty miles directly southwest of the great central Atlantic seaport city of Norfolk.

Beside having navigable communication with Norfolk and the coast, it is also an important railroad junction, as it is here that the Norfolk and Petersburg, and the Seaboard and Roanoke railroads cross each other.

The Great Dismal Swamp of Virginia, a large tract of marshy land some fifty miles long by fifteen wide, extends from the Nansemund river at Suffolk, south into North Carolina, and all communication between that section of Virginia south of the James, is cut off from the coast, except by way of Suffolk. Consequently, all travel between the interior and the coast must pass through the latter place, which also adds to its importance.

When the Federal army came into possession of Norfolk in '62, it was thought best to extend their lines out as far as Suffolk. Consequently, that place was seized and garrisoned by Union troops, who held undisputed control of the town for nearly a year.

Shortly after the evacuation of Norfolk by the Confederates, the leaders of that government discovered that a secret blunder had been made, in thus withdrawing their forces from that town by means of which the coast by way of the James river, which was now placed completely in the hands of the Union Navy.

Accordingly, it was determined to make one grand effort to regain Norfolk, and to this end General Longstreet, with an army of forty thousand men, was sent against that place.

It was in the latter part of March '63, when Longstreet reached Suffolk, and here he found General Peck with fifteen thousand Union troops, backed up by three gunboats on the Nansemund ready to dispute his further advance.

Peck held possession of the town, and was strongly fortified along the south bank of the river, and in every way was prepared and determined to make a desperate resistance.

Longstreet quickly realized that the Union troops held a position of very great advantage, and that nothing short of a regular siege would reduce the place; consequently, he brought his army into position upon the north bank of the river and directly opposite the town.

On the spot, he commenced throwing up earthworks and mounting heavy guns within easy range of the Union lines, as the river is very narrow at this point, and perfecting his plans, the siege of Suffolk was duly carried on in a spirited manner for some time.

One day, about a week after, Longstreet was conferring with one of his officers, Colonel Glaser, when he stated to the latter that he wished he could find some one who would dare to cross the river and learn the strength of the enemy.

"There is a young man in my regiment who I think will answer your purpose," the colonel replied.

"What is his name, and what kind of a man is he?" Longstreet asked.

"His name is Charles Radcliffe," the colonel answered; "he is about twenty-one years of age, a well bred, highly educated young man and a good soldier. Bold as a lion, and ever ready to do his duty; he is also a man of great presence of mind, and I think just the man for your purpose."

"Go and have him report to me immediately," said the general.

An hour later a young man dressed in Confederate uniform entered Longstreet's quarters and, raising his cap, saluted the general. The general returned the salute, and then said:

"Young man, your name, if you please?"

"Take me as I am," said the general, motioning him to a chair; and continued: "Young man, I was this morning telling Colonel Glaser that I greatly needed a scout—some person that I could send across the river to learn the exact position and strength of the enemy, and he informed me of you as one likely to answer my purpose. Would you be willing to undertake the work?"

"General, the young man replied, "I do not know that I was in any way qualified for a scout; yet I am always ready and willing to undertake any work required of me by my superiors."

"Then report immediately to Colonel Glaser, and from him you will receive your orders, and to him make your reports while you act as scout."

Radcliffe retired in a rather strange state of mind.

Very unexpectedly he had been selected for a dangerous as well as very important work.

As he walked toward his own camp, he resolved the matter over in his mind, and although he realized that the position was not a very desirable one, yet he determined to do his best, and if by any chance he should succeed, it would undoubtedly be the means of helping him to a higher position, which he very much desired.

He presented to Glaser's quarters and entering, said:

"Colonel Glaser, I feel very much flattered by the good opinion you have given General Longstreet concerning me."

"I only told the general what I thought to be true," the colonel replied. "What arrangement have you made with him?"

"I agreed to act as his scout," Radcliffe answered, "and he informed me that I would be sent out to you orders."

"Well, I am very glad to learn that you have consented to act as such," the colonel replied.

"Now what I want of you is this: This night will be dark and rainy, and I want you to cross the river and enter the town; once there, inquire for a person by the name of Samuel Caton. This man is in sympathy with our cause, and from him you will learn the exact strength of the enemy; also the number of regiments they have, the number of men, and artillery and how and where they are posted. It is a note that you will give Caton that explains who you are and what is expected of you."

Radcliffe took the note, and asked:

"How am I to cross the river?"

"You will find a boat in charge of the picket up here by the creek on the right," answered the colonel; "and here is a pass that will allow you to get it and also to pass out and in the lines any time of day or night."

Radcliffe took the pass, and parting with the colonel, proceeded down to the river, where he spent the remainder of the day in looking over the situation, and laying plans for his night's work.

CHAPTER II.

THE SCOUT AT WORK.

It was about nine o'clock at night when Radcliffe, dressed in a suit of citizen's clothes, presented himself at the picket post on the right, and to the sergeant in charge showed the pass that was to procure for him the boat and allow him to pass out and in the lines any time of day or night.

Entering the pass, the sergeant pronounced it all right, and then at the scout's request aided in pushing the boat into the creek.

Seating himself in the boat, Radcliffe seized the oars, and bidding the pickets good-night, paddled down stream.

The night was quite dark, and a light rain was falling, making it very disagreeable,

but through the gloom and rain the scout slowly moved on and in a short time reached the river.

Toward the village he could plainly see the lights of several Federal camp-fires, and bending to the oarsman he pulled off down stream some distance, and then turning the skiff toward the south bank, effected a landing near a clump of bushes, pulled the boat on shore and secreted it in the shrubbery as best he could in the dark.

Taking the camp-fires as a guide, and making his way so as to pass between them, he started for the village. But he soon found himself in a difficult one, bushes, logs and mine holes he encountered at every step, but making his way over and through them as best he could he proceeded along for some distance, when suddenly he found that he was approaching a picket line.

Working his way up as near as he dared, he then paused and listened.

Plainly he could hear the tramp of the pickets as they paced to and fro, and also heard them converse with each other as they met, at the end of their line.

Waiting until they had parted and again started out upon their monotonous tramp, then he cautiously approached the line and passed safely across.

Once inside, he pushed on; and in about an hour reached the road that enters the town from the south, and a few moments later was in the village.

It was now nearly eleven o'clock, but yet a good many number of persons, mostly negroes and soldiers, were about the street.

Proceeding along until he reached the main street, he then stopped the first negro he met, and asked if he could tell him where Samuel Caton lived.

The negro took him a short distance down a back street, and pointed out a small dilapidated frame house where he said Caton resided.

Through the windows a dim light was to be seen, and approaching, the scout rapped upon the door.

A young woman answered the summons by opening the same, and seeing our hero standing in the rain, asked him in.

Entering he found a colored boy of about fourteen years of age, reposing half asleep in one corner, and the woman, the only occupant of the room.

"Does Samuel Caton live here?" inquired Radcliffe, seating himself.

"Yes, sir, my father lives here," the woman replied, "but he went to Norfolk to-day and will not return before to-morrow."

"I am very sorry he is away," said Radcliffe, "as I wished to see him on some very important business."

"Did you come from over the river?" the woman asked.

"I did," answered Radcliffe, after a moment's thought.

"Well, father has been expecting some one from across the river for a couple of days, and he told me if any one came during his absence to have them remain until he returned."

"Then, I suppose I may as well stay until to-morrow," Radcliffe replied.

Reaching over Charlie and the woman sat and talked in a low tone of voice, and he found that she knew his business, and from her he learned considerable that was of great importance.

About midnight he expressed a wish to retire, and calling the negro boy, whose name was Jake, the woman gave him a light and directed him to show the gentleman to bed.

Conducting him up stairs and into a room that contained a bed, the boy left him there, and returning Radcliffe was soon fast asleep.

After the boy had gone to rest, the young woman, whose name was Jane Caton, sat for a long time in deep study.

"He is a noble looking young man," she thought to herself, "and I wonder if he is single. If he is, I will play my cards upon him, and if I should be lucky enough to succeed, then Corporal Harper can go to the devil with him. But I must be very careful, lest he find out that I have played him in my veins. Once married, I will make him a slave and leave the country, and never will they people Suffolk see me again. Curse them," she said, half aloud, "they know my mother was part negro, and they despise me for it, but I'll be victor over them yet or die in the attempt."

Thus her thoughts ran for some time, but finally she retired, leaving Jake, the negro boy, to fix a bed upon the floor where he usually slept.

Jane Caton was about twenty-two years of age and quite handsome, having beautiful black hair and eyes; her complexion was

the golden hue which is the pride of all creoles and which added greatly to her beauty. Yet the savage scowl was to be seen upon her face, which always detracted from her beauty to a considerable extent.

Her mother, who was now dead, had been a mulatto, and, although it was almost an impossibility for any one to be deceived by Jane Caton's looks that black blood coursed through her veins, yet it was known to every one in Suffolk that such was the case; and she despised and hated them; and made herself very disagreeable to all with whom she came in contact; and many were actually afraid of her on account of her violent bad temper.

For years Jane Caton had tried to inveigle and marry almost every young man with whom she had formed an acquaintance; but with poor success.

With the Union forces first occupied Suffolk she formed the acquaintance of a young corporal by the name of Robert Harper.

This young man was somewhat smitten with her and paid her considerable attention; she also seemed to love him; but now, having met our hero, and taking a fancy to him, she was quite ready to "off" the old love and on to the new," providing there was no "now" for her.

The next morning, when Radcliffe awoke, he found it was broad daylight, and, going down stairs, was pleased to find that breakfast was ready.

While eating, Jane Caton did her best to entertain him, and also impress him favorably in her behalf. She further now took the opportunity to gain him if he was a man of family, to which he answered in the negative.

After breakfast, Radcliffe strolled out and about the town, and, falling in with several soldiers in a saloon, asked them to drink with him.

By treating them a couple of times he soon had them on good terms, and from them learned considerably that he wished to know.

Toward night, Radcliffe returned to Caton's house, and was pleased to find that Mr. Caton had just returned from Norfolk.

He found the latter to be a man of about fifty years of age, who was apparently a rough, desperate fellow, and, after a short conversation with him, convinced the scout that he was a man who would sell his soul for gold, and was not to be trusted very far.

From him Radcliffe learned all he wished, and, about ten o'clock that night, he started for Longstreet's camp, which he reached in safety about midnight.

Proceeding to Glaser's quarters, he caused that officer to be aroused, and to him made his report.

Colonel Glaser was well pleased, and, having reduced it to writing, dismissed the scout for the present.

CHAPTER III. DOWN IN NORFOLK.

The scout was idle but a couple of days, when he was again summoned to appear before Colonel Glaser.

Proceeding to the colonel's quarters, he was informed that the army was greatly in need of ammunition of all kinds, and that he wished him to go down to Norfolk, and have a gang of Confederate smugglers, who had secretly accumulated a large quantity of the needed goods at that place, run a load of the same to Suffolk, in his name.

"Here is a letter I have written to Captain Chadwick, the head smuggler, telling him who you are, and what I want. When you reach Norfolk, go up Church street to No. —, enter this door, and pass up stairs to room 13, there you will find Captain Chadwick, or some one who will tell you where he is to be found, and then you are to give this letter which is not addressed. By the way," he continued, "here is another letter which will also deliver in person, to the one to whom it is directed."

Radcliffe took the two letters, and promising the colonel to do his best in the matter, he bade him good-afternoon and started forth to prospect.

Proceeding down the river some distance, he came to a farm-house, and looking around he found a large boat which was drawn up out of the water upon the beach. Then returning to camp, he, as soon as it was dark, accompanied by two soldiers, started forth upon his mission.

Arriving near the place where the boat was, they soon found it, and together poached it into the river. Then embarking, the soldiers seated themselves at the oars, while the scout occupied the stern, and with the tiller

in hand guided the boat directly out into the stream.

Some distance above them, and near the village, were plainly to be seen the lights upon the gunboat that lay at anchor in the river, while three-quarters of a mile below them another one was also visible. The gunboat had dipped their blades in the water, and on over the stream the boat moved as quietly as possible; but after a time the bow grated upon the pebbly shore, announcing that the river was crossed. Stepping on shore, Radcliffe ordered his companions to return, and then off across the fields he started in the direction of the road that led to Norfolk. After a long and tedious course of time, and after encountering many difficulties, he reached the road; then in a brisk pace he set out for the city, which by this route, running around Dismal Swamp, was distant some twenty-three miles.

It was about eleven o'clock at night, and although it had been somewhat dark, the moon and stars, the stars, coming out afforded plenty of light by which to travel.

It was near daylight when he reached Bower's Hill, having traveled some fifteen miles since entering the road. At this place he found a regiment of Union soldiers stationed, and from a citizen learned that it would be impossible to get through the lines without a pass.

By inquiring, he learned that the western branch of the Elizabeth river had its head at this place, and also that at the landing near by, were several flat-boats loaded with wood in order to start for Norfolk at high tide.

Proceeding down to the landing, the scout offered to hire passage upon one of these boats to the city, but was informed that it would take two men to manage each boat, and that each man had to have a pass, in order to go to the pickets posted further down the river.

After some bantering, Radcliffe hired one of the boatmen to remain, thus allowing him to go in his place and on his pass, as agreeing to help manage the boat.

At high tide the boats swung out from the landing and slowly proceeded down the river.

Our hero found it no easy matter to perform the work required of him, and very glad he was when they reached Norfolk that afternoon.

Hastening to a hotel, the scout procured supper, and then he started for Church street.

A short distance above the corner of Main he came to the number where Colonel Glaser had informed him he would find the smugglers.

Proceeding up the stairway, he readily found room number 13, and, opening the door, entered.

Half a dozen men dressed in half sailor garb were seated around the room mostly engaged in smoking, and, at a table in one corner, a well dressed man sat writing.

As Radcliffe entered, they all looked up with some curiosity, and, approaching the man at the table, he asked:

"Is this Captain Chadwick?"

"That is my name, sir," the man replied.

Taking from his pocket the unaddressed letter, Radcliffe handed it to him, and then by invitation, seated himself in a chair near the table. Captain Chadwick broke the letter open and read its contents, then, addressing Radcliffe, he said:

"You are from Suffolk, it seems?"

"Yes, sir, I came from there since last night," replied the scout.

"Well, boys," said Captain Chadwick, addressing his companions, "we have at last got work to do."

"What is it?" asked one of the men.

"We have got to run a load of ammunition to Suffolk as soon as circumstances will permit."

"When do you think we will go?" the man asked.

"If it is always dark, we will go to-morrow night," answered the captain. Then, turning to Radcliffe, he said: "Well, my friend, when do you propose to return to Suffolk?"

"Just as soon as I possibly can," the scout, replied.

"You wish, you can go up with us on the boat," the captain answered.

"I would be very happy to go if you have no objection," replied Radcliffe.

"None in the least," replied the captain; "the fact is you can go just as well as not."

"Then I shall be on hand," said Radcliffe, left them and proceeded to his hotel.

The next day about ten o'clock, Radcliffe entered the room where the other that had been intrusted to his care. Taking it from his pocket, he found it was addressed to Miss Julia Gardner, No.—, Cumberland street, Norfolk.

Inquiring of a person who was passing, he learned that Cumberland street was but a short distance away, and thither he bent his steps.

A walk of five minutes brought him to the street, and passing along up he soon reached the number designated.

The house was a neat brick structure, with a small yard in front, in which stood several beautiful shade trees, and all the surroundings bespoke wealth and refinement.

Entering the gate, he ascended the steps and rang the bell.

The door was opened by a colored woman, who asked what he wanted.

"I wish to see Miss Gardner," the scout said.

Through the hall the woman led the way to the sitting-room, and ushered him in. Upon a sofa sat a beautiful young woman of about eighteen years of age. She was, as he entered, looked at him sharply for a moment, and then, in an excited manner, arose from her seat, but composing herself, she said:

"Good-morning, sir."

"Good-morning," answered the scout.

"Is this Miss Julia Gardner?"

"That is my name," she replied.

"Then I have you in my power," he said, snatching it and handing it to her.

She took the letter and requested her guest to have a chair. Then, seating herself, broke the seal of the letter and perused its contents; after which she turned to the scout, and said:

"This is from my cousin, Lieutenant James Gardner, telling me that my uncle, Major Samuel Gardner, is badly wounded at Petersburg. Are you acquainted with either of them?" she asked in an excited manner.

"I am not," he replied. "I do not recall of ever having seen, or even heard, of any lieutenant by that name, but I knew that a major by the name of Gardner was wounded a few days ago in a fight between the pickets."

"My cousin informs me that through the kindness of Colonel Glaser, this letter will be forwarded by a scout; I presume you are the person referred to?"

"I am," replied Radcliffe.

"When, and how do you return to Suffolk?" she asked.

"Before informing your question, Miss Gardner, I must know what your sentiments are in regard to the war," he said.

"I love the sunny South—my birthplace and home," she replied, "but I am in full sympathy with the North, because I believe secession to be wrong, and that the Union and the old flag should be preserved. But," she continued, "if there is any secret connection with your answer to my question, you may rest assured that it is safe with me, for my only purpose is to betray those who confide in me."

"I am fully satisfied," replied the scout, "and am willing to trust you. Now, with regard to your question. In company with a gang of smugglers, I expect to return to Suffolk to-night by boat."

"If it is not secret, I would like to know your name," she asked.

"My name is Charles Radcliffe," he answered.

At mention of this name, she appeared somewhat agitated, but composing herself, said:

"Mr. Radcliffe, I wish very much to go to Suffolk, in order that I can nurse and take care of my uncle. Can I not accompany you?"

"Miss Gardner, in regard to your accompanying us you must know that we will have to run the blockade, and that the trip will be one of danger."

"I care not for that," she replied with spirit. "Please promise me that I can go, and I shall ever feel greatly indebted."

"Well, I will be bound to the captain of the boat says," replied the scout. "I will go and see what arrangements I can make with him in regard to the matter."

"Please go," she said, "and if nothing else will answer, offer him any amount of money you choose, and I will furnish the same."

Accordingly, the scout bade her good-day, and started forth upon his errand.

As soon as he had departed, the young lady commenced pacing back and forth through the room.

At length, however, she was about eighteen years of age, of medium size, and well built, having a round, plump figure, also blonde hair, sparkling blue eyes, and was in every respect a handsome and attractive woman. But, in spite of her great beauty, there was a sad and careworn look upon her face, telling very plainly of some secret grief and sorrow.

After pacing to and fro for some time in apparently deep thought, she said, half aloud, and to herself:

"How I hate that man; he is the author of all my sorrow and trouble. But," she continued, her eyes flashing fire, and her countenance putting on a determined look, "I will yet have my revenge on him. I am called beautiful by all who know me, and if I can but get him to love me, then after leading him on sufficiently I will cast him off, and thus mete out to him what he does to others."

After a time the bell rang, and Miss Gardner hastened in person to answer the summons.

A boy stood upon the steps, and as she opened the door he handed her a letter and then departed.

Returning to the sitting-room, she perused its contents with a frown.

"Miss Gardner. After considerable coaxing, I have managed to procure passage for you to — at nine o'clock to-night. Be there on time if you wish to go. Third boat on right hand side of the ferry."

"So far everything appears to be working well," she said, as she finished reading the note. Then calling her servant, she ordered her to pack her traveling valise, as she was to be gone for a few days.

CHAPTER IV.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

It was half-past eight o'clock at night when Charles Radcliffe made his appearance on board the boat that was to take him to Suffolk.

He found Captain Chadwick and four seamen aboard, and, after telling them he intended that the carriage was safely in the hold, and that as soon as Miss Gardner came on board, they should beat out for Suffolk.

The boat was a small, trim-built, two-masted schooner, with a cabin above deck, and her sharp bow and heavy sails denoted that she was made for great speed.

About a quarter to nine a carriage drove up the wharf where the smuggler lay, and a lady, closely veiled and enveloped in a heavy waterproof cloak, was assisted out by the driver.

Radcliffe was at her side by this time, and taking her valise, conducted her on board the schooner and into the cabin.

By the captain's orders the sailors now quietly cast off the line that held the boat to the wharf, and loosing a few sails, they commenced working their way out of the harbor.

The night was not only dark, but the rain came gently down, and a better night for their work the smugglers could not have had.

Cautiously they worked the little schooner out of the harbor and down the river until Fort Norfolk was passed, then crowding on all the sail she would bear, they sped along like the wind.

In about an hour and a half they found that they were approaching the mouth of the Nansemond, where the lights on a Federal gun-boat, which lay at anchor in and was blockading the mouth of the river, was plainly to be seen.

Captain Chadwick now informed the scout who had remained in the cabin with Miss Gardner, that they were about to try and run by the blockader, and when Radcliffe stated that he would go out on deck and render what assistance he could, his fair companion insisted on accompanying him, and he could by no means prevail upon him to remain. Taking their station near the bowsprit, the scout and his companion watched the scene around them as best they could in the gloom.

The sailors were to be seen busily taking in some of the sails, in order to have the vessel lie completely under their control, while, veering off to the right, the gunboat loomed up in the darkness as she lay quietly at anchor.

Keeping the little schooner in as near Pig Point as they could with safety, they quietly bowled along, and just as they were beginning to think that the danger was nearly

passed, they were suddenly startled by the sharp cry directly ahead of them of "Ship ahoy."

Rushing to the rail, the smugglers saw a large boat coming rapidly across a score of men, putting to the side of the schooner.

"A picket boat," cried one of the smugglers, as soon as he got his eye upon her.

"Prepare to repel boarders," said Captain Chadwick, in a low tone of voice. At this command, his men gathered around him, and drawing their revolvers, the sharp click of the hammers were heard, as they prepared for action. Requesting Miss Gardner to hold the helm, the scout drew a revolver, and joined his companions at the rail. Leveing their pistols at best they could in the darkness, the smugglers fled upon the approaching boat.

Immediately, a sharp, wild cry rang out upon the still night air, telling that their shot had taken effect, and the next moment a volley was poured into the smugglers. Captain Chadwick saw one of his men fall wounded, and the man managed in some way to leave the picket boat behind, he sprang to the helm, and ordered the man in charge to swing the vessel around to the right as if to run out of the river.

The helmsman complied with the order, and as the little schooner came around, her course brought her nearer the blockader, and the smugglers realized from the loud commands that were to be heard given on board her, that she was the bed of a drum, that the boat was being cleared for action.

Captain Chadwick having watched the picket-boat as long as it remained in sight, and seeing it make off toward the gunboat, determined to make one more attempt to enter the river.

"Run her out a little further," he said to the helmsman, "then fetch her on around to the right; hug Pig Point as close as you can, and we will yet run in, in spite of them. Just as the captain finished speaking, two guns were discharged simultaneously on board the blockader, and a couple of balls came screaming along just in the rear of the smuggler.

"Those are pretty close shots, but we won't pay any attention to them as long as they don't hit us," said Captain Chadwick to the scout.

"It's so dark they can't just tell where we are," Charles replied.

Two more shots were now fired from on board the gunboat, but they flew wide of the mark, as the schooner was, by this time, well out of the river.

Ordering one of the sailors to carry his wounded comrade into the cabin, the captain then took the helm in his own hands, and commanded the others to immediately hoist every sail.

Ordering the schooner around to the right, he brought her down as close to the Point as he dared, and she glided along into the river at a rapid rate.

In a quarter of an hour they were safely in the river, and, for the present, out of danger, while the blockader was still to be seen lying quietly at her anchorage.

"They think we are out in the Roads yet," said the captain, "and while they are watching to see us, we will make good time toward Suffolk."

"That was a very good trick, and well executed; but they came very near capturing us," answered the scout, as he walked off toward the cabin.

Entering, he found Miss Gardner and one of the sailors engaged in bandaging the wounded man's arm, through which a bullet had passed.

The scout informed the sailor that he might go on deck, as probably he was needed there, and he would assist Miss Gardner in dressing the wound.

As soon as they were done with the wounded man, Miss Gardner said, addressing the scout:

"We had a very narrow escape, did we not?"

"Yes; it was indeed a very narrow escape," he answered; "were you frightened much?"

"Not so much by their shots as I was by the thought of being taken prisoner by them, for I do not care to have it known what kind of company I keep," she replied, with a smile.

"Well, we are now safe and on our way, while the Federals appear to think we have beat off; all danger is passed, unless one of the enemy's gunboats now up the river should chance to be coming down and meet us."

Miss Gardner and the scout sat and talked for about an hour, when they were inter-

rupted by the captain, who came in to see how the wounded sailor was.

"I presume you will only run up within four or five miles of the town, will you, captain?" asked the scout.

"If we can get up to the mouth of the western branch without encountering any of the enemy's boats, I intend to run into that stream, and up a mile or two, where we can then unload our cargo, within about five miles of the Confederate camp."

"That is a very good idea," remarked the scout.

"To-morrow morning, I suppose, if such I may call it—of trying to get out of here," said the captain, as he left the cabin.

An hour later he returned and informed the scout that they were entering the western branch, and together they went on camp.

Sailing along this stream some distance, the schooner was at last brought up to a little clearing, where a cabin was situated.

It was now after four o'clock in the morning, and while the smugglers were unloading the cargo, Radcliffe went to a farmhouse situated near the landing, and hired a man to carry Miss Gardner and himself to camp.

About seven o'clock they reached the Confederate camp, and, leaving his fair charge at the farmhouse, where her uncle lay wounded, the scout hastened to Glaser's quarters to make his report.

Immediately the colonel dispatched several teams to bring up the cargo.

CHAPTER V.

THE GIRL WIFE.

Let us go back a few years to the city of Alexandria, Virginia, in the year 1863.

In front of an elegant mansion, one pleasant afternoon in the month of April, was to be seen a noble pair of well matched iron-gray horses, attached to a carriage upon the seat of which sat a liveried black driver.

Suddenly the front door of the palatial residence on Main street was thrown open, and a group of persons came out and down the grand walk to the carriage.

The foremost young couple, a boy and a girl, advanced, hand in hand, whose looks denoted that they were nothing more than children.

The boy was an intelligent looking, manly little fellow of about sixteen years of age, whose beauty, however, was marred by an ugly scar upon the forehead just over the right eye, which he had received some years earlier, by being thrown from off a stage coach.

The girl was a fair-haired, blue eyed little beauty of thirteen, upon whose sunny face a pleasant smile was playing.

Reaching the carriage, they halted; and then, looking his companion full in the face, the boy said:

"Darling little wife! I must now leave you, and, although it will be a long time before I meet you again, yet you will ever be in my mind, and I shall expect that you will write me at least once a week during my absence."

"Dear Charles," the girl replied, "you know my parents are dead, and I have only you to look to, and you will think no more of me than I shall of you, and rest assured that you will hear from me regularly, and I shall expect to hear from you quite often in return. Make every reach Boston in safety," she continued, "and I am bound to be a good boy while you are absent."

There was a shaking of hands all around, the young couple exchanged kisses, the boy entered the carriage, and amid a waving of handkerchiefs was driven rapidly away.

Twenty years before the opening of our story two young men who had been attending school at the college of William and Mary, and who were warm friends, graduated from that institution and started forth upon the duties of life.

John Monteith, the elder of the two, embarked in the mercantile business in the city of Alexandria, and the other, Edward Radcliffe, commenced the practice of law in the city of Lynchburg.

Shortly after establishing themselves in business, these young men both married, and, in the course of time, each was blessed with a child. John Monteith with a son, and John Monteith with a daughter.

Both Monteith and Radcliffe prospered well in their respective businesses, and, in a few years, each had accumulated an immense property.

Although they lived many miles apart, yet, with their families, they often visited each other, and renewed those bonds of friend ship which seemed eternal, and which had

grown stronger with each year from their boyhood days.

Once, when Radcliffe and his wife were visiting their friends in Alexandria, the former proposed to Monteith that, when their children should become of suitable age, they should be united in marriage, and, by this means, bind the two families more closely together.

To this proposition Monteith readily assented, providing that the parties most interested were like-minded.

The two children, named respectively Charlie and Fanny, and who had seen each other several times, were in time informed of their parent's wishes, and both were well pleased, as they had always manifested a warm attachment for each other from the first.

Long before either had reached their majority, or the plans of their parents had been consummated, both families were stricken down with grief, and both houses were made houses of mourning.

When Charles Radcliffe was fourteen years of age, his father died, and, two years later, when Fanny Monteith was just thirteen years of age, her father and mother, while returning home from a journey North, were both seriously injured in a railroad accident—her mother was brought home dead, and her father dying.

As soon as John Monteith realized that he could not live he made a will, giving all his property to his son, Jake.

He also expressed a wish that he might see her and Charles Radcliffe united in marriage before he should pass away.

Accordingly Edward Radcliffe was informed of his friend's request, and, accompanied by his son, whom he was about to send to a Northern school, they started immediately for Alexandria.

At the same time, the young couple were married by the bedside of dying John Monteith, who, with his last breath, blessed them both, and invoked the Great Ruler to watch over and protect them through life.

After the body of John Monteith had been laid to rest in the tomb, it was arranged that Charles Radcliffe should go North, and remain until he had completed his education, while Jake was to return home, and, with his uncle, Thomas Monteith, who resided at Beaufort, North Carolina, and it was thus that we saw Charles Radcliffe in the commencement of this chapter, taking leave of his young wife, father and friends, as he was starting for the North.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CAPTURE AND ESCAPE.

"Well, Jake, where have you been all this time?" asked Jane Caton, of the negro boy, who lived with her father, as he reappeared after being absent a couple of days.

"I just been ober da river to Massa Longstreth's camp," he replied with a grin, showing his teeth.

"To Longstreth's camp? How did you manage to get over there?" she asked.

"Well, I just went outside de lines, den I cross de river in a borrowed boat; by de way, de pusion I borrowed it ob was not at home at de time, you understand? Well, when once ober da river, I proceeded down to Massa Longstreth's winter quarters."

"Now, say, you's a skink, and tell me all you learned while over there," said Jane Caton, "and if you saw anything of that young man that was here a few days ago?"

"Saw him! I s'pects he did saw him, my honey; and a right smart gal he had wid him, too, you bet!" the smart gal replied.

"Had a gal with him, did he? Who could it be and where did you see them?" she asked.

"Now, seeing as how you want to know, I'll just tol' you all 'bout it. Dis mornin' a young officer, by de name ob Gardner, gib a dime to carry a bird to his fader, who is wounded. You see, I went down to de house whar de old gentleman was, wid de bird, and while dar, up drove a wagon containing a number of Federal soldiers. The soldiers was de same ones who was ober here, and be and de gal got out. I tell you, my honey, he was mighty sweet on her, and a mighty sweet kind of a gal she was—all dressed up kind a highbounish gal, as de big bugs say."

"That's enough," said Jane, as the dark finished his story, "and now, Jake, I want you to go and find Corporal Harper, and tell him that I desire to see him immediately."

The boy started forth in search of the corporal, and Jane Caton threw herself into a chair, and exclaimed, in a bitter tone of voice:

"That explains why he has not been over here lately, a young lady is to be cared for, consequently he has no time for anything else; but," she continued, "when he does come, I don't think he will get back very easy. I'll just put that dupe of mine, Har-
per, upon his track, and have him arrested, and then if he don't comply with my wishes, she'll be compelled to go to him, and can take him, through Harper. I'll manage to release him, or make sad havoc with the Unionists in Suffolk in the attempt."

In the course of the day, Corporal Harper called upon Jane Caton, who received him with smiles and kisses, and to whom she disclosed her plot for the capture of a Confederate spy. She was in the habit of visiting the town almost nightly.

Promising to aid her at any time, the corporal took an affectionate farewell of this scheming woman, who held him completely in her power, and returned to camp.

About ten o'clock that very night, Jane Caton was somewhat surprised by the scout's making his appearance at her home. He found that she was alone, and was not expected to return until next morning, consequently he was obliged to remain until the next night, before returning.

Toward morning, Samuel Caton, who had been away gathering information for the Confederates, returned.

The next day, the scout, in company with the four, visited the different camps around the village, and having learned all they possibly could, the scout concluded to cross the river at an early hour.

Accordingly, he left the village a short time before dark, and walked leisurely out toward the picket line.

When about a mile from the town, he was overtaken by a couple of soldiers, who leveled their guns at him and informed him that he was their prisoner.

Realizing that there was no chance to escape, the scout complied with their wishes, and with them immediately started on their return to the village.

One of the soldiers was a corporal, and as they walked along, he informed Radcliffe that it was known that he was a scout, and that they would put upon his track in order to capture him.

This information somewhat surprised as well as alarmed the scout, and he determined to make one bold effort to escape before reaching the town.

They were now within about a quarter of a mile of the village, and by this time it was quite dark.

Using his chance, the scout pulled a revolver from one of his boots, and leveling it at the soldier nearest him, which happened to be the private, he pulled the trigger, and with the report of the pistol, sent a bullet crashing through his brain.

Then, before the astonished corporal could place himself on the defense, the scout stuck the muzzle of his pistol into his face, and forced him to drop his gun and put off for the village, or he would shoot him on the spot.

The corporal readily accepted the terms by dropping his gun, and started off as fast as his legs could carry him.

As soon as the corporal was well out of sight, Radcliffe set out again at a rapid pace for the river, and safely crossed, and an hour later he made his appearance at Glaser's quarters in the Confederate camp.

"Back again?" said the colonel, as he entered.

"Yes," replied the scout, "but I came very near stopping on the other side of the river for a season."

After securing himself, he related to the colonel the account of his adventure with the two Federal soldiers.

"What do you propose to do now?" asked the colonel, as the scout finished his story.

"It is plain that some one has peached on me, and I don't see who it can be, unless it is Caton. He is a fellow I don't like at best, and will not be very safe for me to go over there again."

"He answered the colonel, "it is very essential that you should go, as the information you are securing for us is of the greatest importance. By the way, don't you think you can disguise yourself so that it will be safe for you to cross whenever occasion requires?"

"I will tell you what I was just thinking about," replied the colonel. "Jane Caton, in my escape, I heard the corporal (whose name I learned was Harper) tell his companion that he had been detailed to go on picket tomorrow morning, down on the extreme Union right. Now, the pickets have their headquarters in an old house, and I propose

to go down to-morrow night with a few men, and capture the entire outpost. Once in my power, I think I can learn from the corporal who exposed me."

"But how are you to get over with a body of men?" asked the colonel.

"There is a flat boat up above here in the creek, and the night should be somewhat dark which can get down on that; of course," he continued, "we will have to run by the village and also their gunboats, but I think it can be done."

"It is a good idea, but quite a dangerous one," the colonel replied, "nevertheless, if you conclude to go, you can have all the men you think you will need."

Bidding the colonel good-night, the scout made took his leave and proceeded to his own quarters in order to get a little sleep before day.

The next day proved to be quite dark and cloudy, and about nine o'clock the scout accompanied by four trusty and daring men embarked on board the flat-boat and started forth upon their hazardous undertaking.

Down the creek and out into the river. Then down the river the boat slowly crept along, propelled by the steady strokes of the long sweeping oars, which in a short time brought them directly opposite the town.

A multitude of lights were to be seen in the village, and just below the same and near the southern shore, a Federal gun-boat was quivering along at night.

Keeping well under the north bank of the river, so as to make land and escape if discovered, the adventurers quietly worked their way along and after a time safely passed the village and the gun-boat; then the oars were applied more vigorously and the boat swept along at a fair rate of speed, and when the boat reached the picket post, the boat was landed on the south side of the river, and then Radcliffe, followed by his comrades, proceeded cautiously in the direction of the pickets' headquarters.

Arriving there, they found the doors and windows of the building, in which the rebels had their quarters, thrown wide open, and looking in at one of the windows, Radcliffe saw the corporal who had captured him the night before, and five comrades, seated around an old table engaged in playing cards.

Their arms were stacked in one corner of the room, and they were so engrossed in the game, that the scout saw their capture was to be an easy matter.

Returning to his comrades, Radcliffe ordered them to advance by twos to the open windows while he alone crept up to the door.

The sharp click of gun-locks first aroused the Federals, and looking up they saw with some surprise, four rifles leveled at them through the windows, while in the doorway, with an aimed revolver in his hand, stood Radcliffe, the scout.

"Don't give a alarm or attempt to move; if you do you are dead men!" the scout, advancing into the room.

The Federals, although somewhat surprised and discomfited, wisely accepted the situation and remained in their seats, while the scout passed their arms out through a window. After which a stout cord was procured with which Radcliffe and one of his men proceeded to bind the six prisoners together.

"Well, Mr. Scout, you have rather rutherched me this time," said the corporal, as Radcliffe advanced to bind him.

"I am only retaliating," answered the scout.

"Well, I'll not find any fault if I can manage to get away, as easily as you did," the corporal replied with a smile.

"I don't intend you shall get away from me if I know myself," answered the scout.

"By the way, corporal, where is your picket posted?" he asked.

"You just find out if you can; I don't intend you will by me, if I know myself," replied the corporal.

"It makes but little difference whether we capture the other one or not," the scout answered, and immediately he gave the order, "forward!" and away they marched toward the river with their prisoners. Once there they immediately boarded the flatboat, and half an hour later they were safe on the other side of the Nausenbord.

There were six prisoners at camp, Radcliffe caused them to be confined in an old deserted farmhouse, around which he placed a heavy guard.

Early the next morning he visited the prisoners, and taking the corporal into an adjoining room, interviewed him as follows:

"Corporal, if it is no secret, I would very much like to know who it was that informed you that I was a scout, and who it was that sent you to arrest me?"

"To be frank with you," replied the corporal, "I will tell you all. Since my regiment has been at Suffolk, I have paid considerable attention to a young lady, who lives in the vicinity, and whom I have often met. It was she who informed me that you were a scout, and it was by her special request that I made you my prisoner. The reason I tell you this," he continued, "is because I think Miss Caton is making a fool of me, and only using me as a tool."

"What makes you think so?" inquired the scout.

"After you had killed my companion and made your escape," replied the corporal, "I hastened to Samuel Caton's house; and when I informed Miss Caton of what had taken place, she raved like a wild person. I was never more astonished in my life. She called me a cursed fool, a blockhead, and an idiot, and also ordered me to leave the house immediately, which order I complied with as soon as possible. Early the next morning she sent for me, and reluctantly I went to see her. She received me with a smile, and bade me to forget what had taken place the day before. Promising her this, she then commenced laying plans for your capture, and I am satisfied that she is deceiving me, and is only trying in some way to promote her own interest."

"I am very much obliged to you, corporal, for the information you have given me," said Radcliffe, and conducting the prisoner to the room where his companions were confined, proceeded toward his own quarters, and as he went he wondered why Jane Caton was so anxious for his capture.

CHAPTER VII.

PROMOTED.

On the afternoon of April 18, the scout of the New York regiment intended to appear immediately before General Longstreet. Arriving at that worthy's quarters, he found Colonel Glaser, who was the general's right-hand man, also there.

"Well, Radcliffe," said the general, as soon as he was seated, "I have a very pleasant duty to perform this day. For the gallant services you have rendered the confederacy as a scout, I have orders to confer upon you the rank of second lieutenant, and your commission to date from this day. Here it is," the general continued, handing him a parchment sheet, "and allow me to state that the commander of the army places great confidence in you, and this promotion is but a just reward for the noble services you have rendered our cause here before Suffolk."

"General Longstreet," Radcliffe replied, "what services have rendered me a scout, were performed only as any other duty required of me would have been, for I consider that it is a soldier's duty to always obey his superiors, even though it may cost him his life. I feel very grateful," he continued, "for the honor bestowed upon me in this commission, by those in authority far above me, and rest assured that I shall ever consider it a pleasure to carry out and execute any schemes you may intrust to me."

Then for an hour the three sat and discussed the prospects of the campaign, as only experienced soldiers could, and at the expiration of that time, the scout bade his fellow officers good-day and withdrew, turning his steps toward the house where Miss Gardner was staying.

Leisurely wending his way, he thought of how well he had liked her appearance from the first time he saw her, and that he was gradually becoming more and more pleased with her.

The fact is, he thought to himself:

"I'm dead in love with this woman, and why should I not be? She is the most attractive person I ever saw, and then so brave and courageous."

The night we ran the blockade she appeared to be as ignorant as any one on board, and one would have thought she was at a hall instead of a battle.

"Now, what do I do? I do not know, for her ways completely puzzle me. There is something very mysterious about her, she always welcomes me and appears to be pleased with my company, yet she is considerably concerned lest her uncle shall see me; and what it all means I am unable to make out."

"I must know what my chances are, and

if I have the courage when I get there, I'll propose to her, let the consequence be what it may."

"Then, if she accepts me, I'll tell to her the history of my life, and she shall be the judge of what is right. But if I am rejected, then it shall yet remain a secret within my breast."

Arrived at his destination, Radcliffe asked for Miss Gardner, and by one of the servants was conducted within.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Gardner."

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Radcliffe," she answered, handing him a chair.

"Why is it that you have not called on me for so long a time?" she continued.

"The only reason I can give, Miss Gardner, is that my services have kept me away. I have not found you a single time in agreement, and should have called oftener if my duties had not prevented."

"Thank you for the compliment," she replied, with a smile. "With regard to your duties, do you not expose yourself more than you should? If you are caught you are undoubtedly aware that you would be shot."

"Miss Gardner, I fully realize that I am engaged in a very dangerous work, but in due time I own the country, and as long as I am a soldier, so long shall I consider that my life is at the service of the Confederacy."

"From the way you view the matter, you must be a good soldier," she answered; "but do you receive a just compensation for your services, and for the imminent danger of your particular role?"

"So far, I have only had the pay of a common soldier," he replied, "but to-day I have received a commission, and Longstreet, a lieutenant's commission as a reward for my faithfulness to the Confederacy."

"I am very happy to learn that your services are duly recognized by those in authority, but I would advise you to be very careful and not throw your life away unnecessarily."

"Miss Gardner, it is not my intention to throw my life away needlessly. I would like to make one more effort, and if I can not make one more perform this post, it is better that I should do it than almost any other. For, in all this wide world, I have not a relative or friend that I know of, and if I should lose my life it would be nothing compared with those who have many to mourn their loss."

"Please do not talk so to me," she replied, "for no one is so forsaken but must have, at least, one friend."

"I don't think I have one," he answered, "and if you knew my history as well as I do, you would agree with me, I'm sure."

"Be your history as it may, I will not agree with you, for I know you have at least one friend."

"May I have the liberty to inquire who that friend is?" he asked.

"Certainly," she replied, "that friend is myself."

"Miss Gardner, if you are my friend, I am most happy; for your good wishes are very much to me. And now as you have professed to be my friend, I propose to test you. To be plain, I love you; and although my prospects at present are not very flattering, yet I am determined by the aid of my saber to win for myself a name as a soldier, and also try and better my circumstances. Can you, Miss Gardner, tell me one word of hope? a little word to encourage me."

"Am I to understand that you wish me to become your wife?" she asked.

"That is just what I would have you to understand," he answered; "I told you I loved you, and words cannot express the affection that I have felt for you since we first met. If you will become my wife, or even promise to be, when I am in circumstances to make you, you will make me one of the happiest of men."

"Charles Radcliffe, if I wished to marry you your circumstances would make no difference to me. I cannot give you one word of encouragement. Difficulties that are beyond my power to control, and which I am not at liberty to explain, stand in the way, provided I was ever so willing."

"Am I to consider this a direct refusal?" he asked.

"You are to consider that I have refused to become your wife, because, as I stated, there are difficulties in the way, that cannot be put aside. I am your friend, and wish to see you prosper, and would advise you to strive just as hard to rise in the world as if I had complied with your request, for you will, beyond a question, some day find another who will willingly and undoubtedly better fill my place in your affections."

"No other woman will ever occupy the

place in my heart that you do," he replied; "and now with regard to the difficulties that you speak of as standing in the way of our marriage, do they not arise from the fact that you are a Unionist, while I am a Confederate?"

"No, sir; that is not the case," she replied, "and, although you fight for a cause I believe to be wrong, and against the order of nature, I do not yet see the barrier between us is greater than that."

"What it can be, then, I have not the least idea," he answered; then, looking at his watch, he observed: "it is near four o'clock and I must be going," and with a "good-day," he departed.

As soon as Miss Gardner was alone, she dropped her head upon her hands, and for a long time remained thus in deep meditation.

At last, she murmured to herself:

"Do I love this man, or do I hate him? He is so handsome and brave, and apparently so manly, I can but love him. But again, I know he is a villain; for he comes making love to me as passionately as if he was my first love, when I know that he has at present a wife living whom he has deserted, and of her he says not a word." Whimpered she burst into tears, and, woman-like wept for a long time.

CHAPTER VIII. A BATTERY LOST.

When Lieutenant Radcliffe parted with Miss Gardner, he proceeded directly to Colonel Glaser's quarters.

"I will see you, Lieutenant, as I have some news for you," said the colonel, as the scout entered.

"Anything of importance?"

"Yes; of considerable importance. One of your prisoners managed to escape last night."

"Which one, and how did he get away?" the scout asked.

"I will tell you all about it. I believe that while the other prisoners were asleep, he forced one of the windows open, and, in the darkness, is supposed to have slipped out by the guard and escaped."

"Well, I am quite sorry that he has got away," replied Radcliffe, "for he knows me, and may make me considerable trouble some time. I think, colonel, I had better go to Suffolk to-night," he continued, "for, if I give the corporal much time, he may be prepared and on the lookout for me when I do go."

"Do just as you think best," the colonel replied.

"I will," answered the scout.

Accordingly he started forth, and, a couple of hours later, was safely across the river, and within the Union lines, and at once proceeded to Caton's house and rapped upon the door.

As the scout approached, another person, who was just in the act of entering the house, saw him, and, unobserved, slipped around in the rear of the same.

The door was opened by Jane Caton, and recognizing our hero, she invited him to enter.

He complied with her request, and, closing the door behind him, asked for her father.

"Father's somewhere about the village," she replied. "Please be seated; he will undoubtedly be home before long."

Looking at her sharply, the scout said:

"I don't care to remain here very long, for fear you may send Corporal Harper after me again."

At this remark, the woman looked as if she would like to sink through the floor, but, rallying, she said:

"I am not, Radcliffe; are you not mistaken?"

"I am not," he replied: "I know very well all about that affair, and, if you are willing to tell, I would like to know what prompted you to do as you did."

"Mr. Radcliffe," she said, hesitatingly, approaching him, "I will tell you my object, and I implore you to forgive me for that rash act. It was my love for you that prompted me. You have always been to me, you not?"

"I loved you as I have loved before, and I thought if you was but a prisoner, I would in some manner effect your release, and, by that means, win you to me."

"Miss Caton, I freely forgive you, and also pity you from the depth of my heart, but your love I cannot return. Now, we must part forever; for your treachery has once nearly cost me my life, and to further jeopardize it, would, I think, be very unwise."

"Stay stay!" she cried, giving way to

tears, and seizing him by the arm as he arose to depart, but he gently put her away, and hastened from the house, and proceeded to a retired boarding-house, where he passed the remainder of the night.

On the morning of the nineteenth, the scout was up bright and early, and having procured breakfast, he stole along the village at some time, picking up all the information he possibly could, with regard to the movements of the Union troops.

In the latter part of the day he wandered down to the river, where he found quite a crowd of people viewing a mysterious looking craft that was fastened to the shore.

It was a large, flat boat, and when raised, completely hid the view of its interior.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the scout, of a bystander, pointing toward the boat.

"It's not generally known," the man replied, "but the Eighty-ninth New York Infantry, is to go down the river on this boat, and try and capture the Confederate battery that has annoyed us so much of late."

"What is the command of the Eighty-ninth?" the scout asked.

"I don't know who has command of the regiment," the man replied, "but Captain Stevens, a young staff officer, is to lead the charge."

Radcliffe was well aware that Longstreet had planted a battery some days before, in a clearing near the river, and about a mile below the town.

Four guns of this battery commanded the river and the opposite shore, while the other two raked a road to the rear, by which the clearing was approached.

"I must try and save the battery," the scout thought to himself; and forth he started, determined to do his best in the matter, and in the attempt.

To get through the lines and out to his boat, he well knew, would be impossible in daylight; and, again, it would take too much time.

Accordingly, he proceeded along up the river, and a short distance above the village he found a small boat, which lay bottom upward upon the water.

Pushing over and pushing it into the water, Radcliffe then sprang on board, and, raising the oars, headed the boat down stream, in order to mislead several soldiers who were watching him.

By cunning maneuvers, he managed to reach the middle of the stream, and then heading the boat directly toward the opposite shore, he plied the oars with a will, which drove the bark through the water like a thing of life.

"Halt!" shouted one of the soldiers, as soon as he discovered what our hero's intentions were.

The scout paid no attention to the order, consequently, the soldiers ran down to the river and opened fire upon him.

Several rounds was visited near him, some of which struck the boat, but, unmindful of them, he kept on his way, and a few moments later reached the shore.

Springing from the boat, he started off on a sharp run in the direction of the battery, making a circuit to the left, in order to keep well away from the river.

When within about a quarter of a mile of the battery, the scout came upon a number of infantry pickets, who were under the command of a young lieutenant.

"What's your hurry, my friend?" asked the commander of the pickets, as the scout came up.

"An attempt is to be made within a few minutes to capture this battery," said the scout to come in form of you of it," the scout replied.

"The enemy are coming down the river on a large flatboat, which is inclosed by a heavy awning, in order to mislead the pickets above."

"The pickets down by the river have just sent up word that such a boat was slowly drifting down this way," replied the lieutenant, "but I thought that it was probably some old sow set adrift for the purpose of fooling our artillery waste their shots upon it."

"Ah! then they come now," said the scout, pointing toward the river.

Looking in the direction indicated, the pickets saw hastily approaching, a regiment of Union soldiers.

The pickets posted over the river, and some distance below where the Federals had landed and deserted their post, and were falling back toward the battery.

"No use of our making any resistance to speak of," said the commander of the pickets; "I think our better way is to fall back,

and give the artillery a chance at them."

Accordingly, the pickets commenced falling back slowly, while the scout hastened on to the battery.

"Do you know what regiment that is, and who is leading it?" asked the commander of the artillery, as the scout, as he came up.

"It's the Eighty-ninth New York, and is lead by a Captain Stevens, of General Getty's staff," answered the scout, "and I sometimes fear they will give us considerable trouble before we get through with them."

"These confederates are a fine set of picked troops," said the scout, "but we will make short work of them before they get here," and he went to put his threats into execution.

Under the lead of gallant Captain Stevens, the New York boys came sweeping boldly on toward the battery, and when the guns were opened upon them, and the death-dealing causter went tearing through the ranks, they quickly cleared the way, and made way for the dead and wounded, and pressed on more determined than ever.

Radcliffe seized a disabled soldier's gun, and following the example of the infantry, commenced firing upon the advancing Federals.

A scout had only time to load and fire a couple of shots, when the enemy with fixed bayonets charged upon them, and the fight became hand to hand.

The artillerymen fought desperately in defense of their pieces, but all to no avail, as the enemy now had the advantage, and with the bayonet drove them by main force from their guns, capturing many of them as prisoners.

Radcliffe soon realized that the battery was lost, and that further resistance would only give the enemy more prisoners, consequently he joined the infantry who were now slowly retreating back toward the timber.

But a short distance had they proceeded, when a volley of musketry was poured into their disordered ranks, and the young infantry lieutenant staggered and fell to the ground, a bullet having entered his right side.

The scout saw that the lieutenant was only wounded, and stepping up to where he lay, he asked if he could render him any assistance.

"Only tell my friends you left me dying on the field of battle," he answered.

"What is your name?" asked the scout.

"My name is James Gardner," replied the wounded men.

At mention of this name, the scout stooped down and raised the wounded officer from the ground, then placing him upon his shoulder, he strode rapidly away.

Falling in with several infantrymen, the scout with a couple of them, and a few carbines made a rude litter, and together, together carried him on toward the Confederate camp. But before half the distance was gained, the young officer breathed his last, and the scout and his companions carried only the corpse of a once brave young soldier.

Arriving at camp, Radcliffe procured an ambulance, and by it forwarded the body to the house where his friends were then staying.

CHAPTER IX.

THE EVACUATION.

On the morning of the third of May, an orderly waited upon Lieutenant Radcliffe, informing him that Colonel Glaser wished to see him immediately. Accordingly, he rode to the colonel's quarters without delay, and was informed that the enemy were demonstrating along the river, and it was thought intended a general advance.

"I want you," the colonel said, "to go down toward the river and lead, if possible, what regiments, and as many of them as the enemy will allow, forward, and then report to me as soon as you can conveniently."

"I will do all I can in the matter," the scout replied, and bidding the colonel good morning, he started forth to reconnoiter.

To his own quarters the scout first proceeded, and arming himself with a couple of revolvers, he then turned his steps toward the river.

Arriving in the vicinity of the same, he found that a small force of the enemy had crossed over, and that a lively skirmish fight was going on. Working his way well down toward the Union lines, he found that the sturdy Eighty-ninth New York, was doing the greater part of the skirmishing, and although the Confederate sharpshooters were picking them off considerably, yet

these invincibles pressed steadily forward, and many a Confederate bit the dust before their uttering a groan.

As the Federals were within range, the Confederate artillery opened upon them, and shot and shell went flying over the field dealing out death and destruction on every side.

The fight by this time had become general, and the scout soon found that he was in about as much danger from the fire of his friends as from that of these of the enemy. Consequently, he turned his steps to the right, and entered a small piece of timber, which served him as a cover from the flying shots, and which course took him further from the field of battle.

For upwards of an hour the scout prowled around in the vicinity of the Union lines, during which time he learned considerable respecting their position and numbers. Then starting on the return to the Confederate lines, he had proceeded but a short distance, when he ran smack upon a Federal picket line.

"You are my prisoner," cried one of the pickets, leveling his piece at him.

"All right," answered the scout, advancing.

"This answer put the picket off guard, and he lowered his gun to the ground.

In an instant, Radcliffe drew a revolver, leveled it at his antagonist and pulled the trigger. With the report of the pistol, a wild shriek pierced the air, and the picket dropping his gun, threw up his arms and fell back lifeless.

Thus before the astonished Federals had recovered from the surprise which his resistance had created, the scout bounded away through the timber like a deer; and, although they gave chase and also discharged their pieces at him, yet he managed to elude them, and an hour later reached the Confederate lines, through which he had no trouble to pass, and after some difficulty he found Colonel Glaser.

"Well, Lieutenant, how did you make out?"

"Very good," he rejoined, "I found the Eighty-ninth New York with heavy skirmish line, and supported by the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh, One Hundred and Forty-third and One Hundred and Forty-fourth New York regiments, slowly but steadily pushing back our advance, while several other regiments, which I think belong to the Connecticut brigade, have later gotten into position, and are now engaging our forces in good earnest. From what I can learn, I think General Peck has been heavily reinforced, and now means to openly give battle."

"This is my impression," the colonel replied. "And now, Lieutenant, I have to tell you that the commander has concluded to evacuate our position, and the orders have already been given for the army to fall back."

"I am very sorry to hear it," the scout replied; "but I suppose our general knows where he is best. What further assistance can I give you, colonel?"

"None at present," the colonel replied; "and if you have any business of your own you wish to transact before leaving, you are at liberty to attend to it."

Immediately parting with the colonel, Lieutenant Radcliffe made his steps toward the house where Miss Gardner was staying. It was quite late in the afternoon when he reached the place, and rapping lightly at the door, it was opened by the young lady in question, who gave him a hearty welcome.

"Good afternoon, Lieutenant; you are just the person I was wishing to see," she said, extending to him her hand. "I am very glad that I am here," he rejoined. "I thought as the army was to leave, that possibly I might be of some service to you, that is how I happened to come."

"Well, Lieutenant, you can be of service to me by assisting me to get over to the village, from which place I can easily reach my home at Norfolk."

"As soon as it is dark I will put you safely across the river," the scout replied. "By the way, Miss Gardner, how is your uncle at present?"

"He has been improving considerably of late, and to-day, as soon as he learned that the army was to be withdrawn, he with other disabled officers, set out for Petersburg in an ambulance. The last time I have seen you, since my cousin met his death," she continued, "allow me to thank you, both for my uncle and myself, for the great service you rendered us by

bringing, at the peril of your own life, my cousin from the field of battle, and in forbidding his body to us after his death."

"Miss Gardner, I never saw your cousin, Lieutenant Gardner, until that day. We were in that fight together and fought side by side. He was brave and resolute and to the enemy never yielded an inch of ground until after the guns were silenced and the conflict became hand to hand, and until he saw that we were overpowered, and were to be bayoneted or taken prisoners. Then, when we sought safety in flight, the enemy poured a volley into our ranks, and among those that fell was your cousin. I saw that he was mortally wounded; and when he had fallen to the ground, I requested him to carry a messenger to his friends, who could not hear to see him fall into the hands of the enemy; consequently, I carried him from the field, and in so doing, did only what I considered my duty as a soldier."

"It was a noble act, for which we feel very thankful, as it gave us a chance to bury the body where we can have it disinterred at our will. What a charmed life you lead, lieutenant," she continued. "Aid all the dangers by which you are constantly surrounded, you have thus far escaped with a scratch."

"I have been very lucky," the scout replied; "but how long it will last nobody knows." Then he related to her the adventure he had had with the Federal pickets.

The night, as soon as it was dark, our hero and heroine entered a carriage and were driven out to the place where the former's boat was concealed.

Dismissing the carriage, the scout then assisted his fair companion into the boat and quietly rowed out into the river.

Heading the boat directly toward the village, he vigorously bent to his work, and in a short time landed near the upper end of the town.

They proceeded to the residence of an acquaintance of hers, where she proposed to spend the night.

Arriving at their destination, the lieutenant said:

"Miss Gardner, we must now part, and, for all we know, it may be forever; but, before I leave you, I must again tell you that I love and worship you with all my heart and soul; and if you could but promise to be my wife, it would make me the happiest man that ever lived."

"Lieutenant Radcliffe, you have rendered me many a good service, for which I feel very grateful; but I have again to tell you that I cannot be your wife. As I before informed you, circumstances that are beyond my power to control, prevent any such arrangement between us."

For a short time they stood hand in hand, delicate fingers surging in the bosoms of each. Then, bidding each other farewell, they parted.

She rang the door-bell and was admitted, and warmly welcomed by her friends, while he recrossed the river, and started on in pursuit of the already retreating army.

CHAPTER X. CONCLUSION.

April 1, 1865.

It was the battle of Five Forks, and the army of Northern Virginia was in full retreat.

The Federal dragoons hung close upon the retreating columns of the Confederates, capturing and making prisoners all those who, by chance, became cut off from the main body.

In a little ravine, by the side of a sluggish flowing stream, where the beautiful cypress trees grew thick and tall, and made a gorgeous, pleasant shade, the battle had taken place between a small party of troopers and a score of Confederate infantrymen and an old, gray-haired officer, a major who commanded the Confederates, had been mortally wounded, and upon the field had been left to die, with no other companion but the dead braves who had fallen in the combat.

Half an hour later, a dozen Confederate stragglers passed that way, and discovered the dying veteran.

One, a young man in the uniform of a captain, stopped and knelt beside him.

"Comrade, what can I do for you?" the captain asked.

"For the love of Heaven, give me a drink of water," the wounded veteran replied.

The young captain raised the old man's head, and to his lips pressed his canteen.

"That makes me feel much better," the

old man said, as the captain gently laid him back upon the ground after he had quenched his thirst.

"Can I do anything more for you?" the captain asked.

"No, comrade, I think not. I am mortally wounded, and beyond all aid. I am evidently passing away, and I would advise you to linger no longer by my side, for the enemy are liable to find you at any moment."

"I care not for the enemy," the captain replied, "and if it is in my power to relieve your sufferings in any way, I am willing to do it."

"Comrade," the old man rejoined, with some difficulty, his breath coming short and having no favor. "I will ask of you, and I want you to promise me that you will not tell my secret."

"Anything that lies in my power I will do to accommodate you," the captain replied.

"Then, here in my side-pocket, a letter you will find. This letter I wrote a few days ago, and was intending to forward it as soon as a chance presented itself to the one to whom it is addressed, so that in case I never saw home again, a great wrong which I once committed might be right. Now, what I ask of you is to see, as soon as it is convenient, that this letter is forwarded to the one to whom it is directed."

From the pocket designated the captain drew forth a letter and glanced at the address which was this:

"Miss Julia Gardner, Norfolk, Va."

"I will see that the letter reaches the young lady," the captain said, after reading the address.

"Then you will confer a great favor upon a dying comrade," the major answered.

"It is no secret, major, I would like to know your name," said his companion.

"In the army I am known as Major Thomas Gardner," he replied with great difficulty; "years ago I was known as—"

His breath came in short, fitful gasps, and with one grand effort he raised himself to a half-sitting position, then his strength gave way and with a heavy groan he fell back dead.

For a moment the young captain remained silent, then to himself he murmured: "Both born and son upon the field of battle have I seen die."

Then Captain Charles Radcliffe hastened on in pursuit of one of his companions, leaving the old warrior and his dead comrades to sleep their last sleep beneath the cypress shade.

One morning in June, 1865, the good old steamer Louisiana was to be seen making her way up the Elizabeth River, her huge wheels lashing the water into foam, as she sped on toward her destination, Norfolk.

As soon as the city was reached and the vessel made fast to the pier, a young man of noble appearance hastened on shore and calling a cab took his seat within and ordered the driver to proceed immediately to No. Cumberland street.

Arriving at the number designated, the young man paid and discharged the cabman, and then ascending the steps rang the bell.

"You here! Charles Radcliffe," said a young woman with some surprise, as she opened the door.

"Yes, Miss Gardner; I am here as the bearer of a message from your uncle."

"Then come to the sitting-room," she answered, leading the way.

"When and where did you last see my uncle," she asked, handing him a chair.

"It was at the battle of Five Forks that I first and last saw him. On the retreat I found him lying by the roadside mortally wounded, and by his side I remained until he breathed his last."

"My dear friend is then dead!" she replied with emotion, as tears coursed down her cheeks.

"Here is a letter your uncle requested me to forward to you, and knowing of no better way, I brought it in person," Radcliffe said handing her the same.

Miss Gardner broke open the letter, and as she perused its contents, her tears sprinkled down upon the paper. When she had finished it, she said:

"Mr. Radcliffe, I am greatly indebted to you for the pains you have taken in delivering this letter, as it contains information that is worth more than gold to me."

"That being the case, I feel well repaid for all the trouble it has been to me, Miss Gardner," he continued: "you just said in speaking of your uncle that your last friend

was dead. Can I not be your friend? For the third time, will you be my wife?"

"Charles Radcliffe," she answered, "you ask me to become your wife. Have you not one wife already?"

"I was once married," he replied, "but circumstances which were beyond my power to control parted my wife from me, and I have never seen or even heard from her since."

"Please to tell me all about it," she asked.

"When I was but a boy, at my father's request I was married to a most lovely, beautiful creature, whom I had seen but a few times, yet I loved her with all my boyish heart. Immediately after my marriage I went North to complete my education, and my wife, who was an orphan, went to live with an uncle.

My uncle was quite wealthy, and lived at Lynchburg, Virginia, at the time of my marriage, but shortly after my marriage I fell down with fever, and after a brief illness, died. Then it was found that just previous to his death he had invested nearly all his fortune in a bogus mining speculation, and when his affairs were settled, not a dollar was left. About the time I was informed of this, I also received a letter from my wife's uncle, stating that my father had died before my marriage, and that it was now apparent his only object in my marriage was to secure to me the immense fortune which my wife was known to be heir to.

"The letter further stated that for this act, of which I must have known and been a party to, my wife now looked on me with contempt, and wished me to understand that henceforth we were two; and also that it would be no good to seek for her, as by the time I received the letter she would be in Europe.

"It was a heavy blow for me, as I loved my girl-wife dearly. I was among strangers without money or friends, and in my perplexity I returned to Lynchburg. There I remained about a year, then the war broke out and I entered the army. In due course of time I met with you, and from that day I have loved you with all my heart and soul. When my life here is over, my first met matter, but little, suffice to say the Confederacy, as you well know, has gone down in ruin, and the old flag, against which I have fought so long, and which I could but love at the same time, again waves triumphant from the Canadas to the Gulf."

"Charles Radcliffe," said Miss Gardner when he had finished his recital, "your story sounds well with this letter that I have but lately received. Now, I have to tell you that the wife which you profess to have loved so much, still lives, and at this moment is not far away, and also that she has ever and does at the present time, love you as much as you ever did her."

"If that is the case, Miss Gardner," he replied, with emotion, "please to tell me where she is to be found?"

"Charles Radcliffe," she answered, rising to a feverish voice, "your wife stands before you."

"What! your wife?" he cried, advancing toward her.

"Yes, Charles, I am your wife, she answered, the next moment they were locked in each others arms, and raining sweet kisses upon each other's lips.

"My darling! this explains why I have loved you so much," said our hero, as they seated themselves upon the sofa, "and you must have known all the time."

"Yes, Charles, not only did I recognize you by that scar on your forehead, but if you recollect, I asked you and you told me your name."

"That being the case, Fanny, why did you not tell me at first that you was my wife?"

"I will tell you, Charles, why I did not; like yourself, I was deceived. My uncle not only informed me that your father had died but also that you had left school and was leading the wild life, despising a gambler, and that you deserved me as your wife. Consequently, it was an easy matter for him to influence me to accompany him to New Orleans. There we remained until the war broke out, and then, under the assumed name of Gardner, which he took for reasons I forbear mentioning, we came to this city, where my uncle and cousin soon entered the Confederate army."

"I understand that your people have had to have been so cruel as to separate us in such a manner?" Charles asked.

"Read that letter, and it will explain all," said his wife, handing him the one he had brought her. Charles took the letter, and read its contents, which were as follows:

PETERSBURG, V.A., March 23, 1865.

"MY DEAR NIECE,—I have just arrived at Norfolk, many changes have taken place that I did not

premeditate, consequently I thought, as I might never see you again, that it was my duty to write and inform you that I have cruelly deceived you, and if possible try to make you believe it.

The story that I told you about your husband was false in every particular, and for that I am sorry to know, but in my regret for the way of you. Furthermore, I took occasion to prejudice him against you, as I did you.

My only regret, sir, I thought, if I could but part you and your husband, I might then be able to bring about a reconciliation between you and him. You know, he died in Suffolk, and thus secured to us your great wealth. But his death destroyed all my plans, consequently I made up my mind to use the means of restoring you to your husband if he is to be found.

“Pardon, sir, I really earnestly ask your forgiveness, knowing that although I have greatly wronged you, you will nevertheless be willing to forgive me, as I am penitent. From your uncle, THOMAS MONTEITH.”

“Fanny,” said her husband as he finished reading the letter, “I was by both your uncle and cousin’s side when they breathed their last, and they died like brave soldiers that they were. I asked your uncle his name, he told me his assumed one, and, dying, tried to tell the real one but failed; and, although through him we have been greatly wronged, yet I am willing to forgive him, as I expect to be forgiven for my sins by our Father above.”

“I, too, freely forgive him,” answered his wife.

A few days after the Confederate army withdrew from before Suffolk, Corporal Harper penned and mailed the following letter:

“DEAR JANE CATON.—There is no use in telling you how much I have loved you; you know but too well how it was yourself. Many times you deceived and almost did not let me see her, but until some circumstance which I will explain transpired—”

“You undoubtedly recollect of my being taken prisoner by the Confederates. Well, you may excuse me, and the next time you may see me, I will tell you all about it. Then, with a full heart, when a sense of the wrongs you have made of me, and with this keen sense of humiliation comes the desire to be no longer.” May Heaven forgive and unite us! Yours ever,

ROBERT HARPER.”

A few days after Jane Caton received the above letter, she learned of Corporal Harper’s death; she then mysteriously disappeared from Suffolk, and a week later her body was found floating in the Neuse river at low tide upon a bar in the Nansemond but a short distance below the town.

Her father, Samuel Caton, turned guerrilla, and in 1864 was shot near Suffolk by a Federal cavalryman.

To-day Charles Radcliffe and his noble, loving wife reside in a beautiful mansion overlooking the Elizabeth River, but three miles from the village.

They have been blessed with two beautiful children, a boy and a girl, and many times, seated by their father’s side, they attentively listen to the stories he tells of the time when he was THE SCOUT OF THE NANSEMOND, and their mother, who knows something about it, vouches for the truth of his statements.

[THE END.]

T. J.’s Cavalry Charge.

BY CONFEDERATE GRAY.

It was on a bright morning in the fall of 1862 that a man clad in a soiled and tattered suit of Confederate gray might have been seen astride a fiery, though somewhat jaded steed, on the principal street of a straggling village situated in the mountains of Western North Carolina. Timothy J. McSnorter was his name, known in all that region of country as “T. J.”

He was an original character—a first-class ranteer; a rude kind of eloquence, a stentorian voice, and certain peculiarities of oratorical style, had won for him among his unsophisticated neighbors and acquaintances the reputation of a powerful lawyer.

Tall, raw-boned, angular, and cadaverous, with eyes large, wild, and twinkling almost over his high, set brows, so that at first it seemed as if it had been made by a transverse blow with the edge of a hatchet, his cheek bulged with a quid of “bacca” as large as a hen’s egg, a voice as harsh as the

cry of a hungry raven, and so loud as to be silenced, from very shame, the bellowing of the biggest bull of Bashan.

T. J. now presented an object of side-splitting interest, as with unkempt hair, slovenly hat, and an old-fashioned horse-pistol at his left side, and his left knee resting on the pony, he was a picture, he might let off to his gaping admirers the pent-up eloquence of eighteen months:

“Gentlemen, you have asked where I have been, and where I am going. I have been to the tented field, where banners wave, where sabers gleam, where bayonets shimmer, where muskets rattle and where cannons roar. I have not remained you that I once thought the bar of the law, the arena for the display of the remarkable talents with which my Creator, in His unerring wisdom, was pleased to endow me. I was ‘some’ at the bar; yes, a whole team, with the tar-bucket hung on the coupling-pole, and a big yaller dog under the wagon. Bill Simmons, you know who I was, for who saved you from the hangman, and the whipping-post? You know it, too. Tom McNeasey, for had it not been for my profound legal acquirements and Demosthenian eloquence, you would be, at this very hour, with cropped hair and zebra pants, making yourself useful in the public jail and penitentiary of the state, sir!

“Now you, Dave Wilkins, cannot be ignorant on the subject, for you are a legal attorney and my pathetic appeals to the sympathies of a brainless jury composed of such sap-headed men as you, Sam Jones, and you, John Smith, that sent Dave forth, not as a convicted felon to the scaffold, where he ought to have gone, but to the enjoyment of a worthless existence and an unappreciated life.

Each of the gentlemen thus courteously appealed to, bowed acquiescence as he was individually addressed, and when T. J. finished they all bowed together.

“Yes,” he continued, “that’s so, gentlemen; but, as I was about to remark, there was reserved for me a still more appropriate and exalted sphere of action. That sphere is the field of battle, the arena of the noblest of sciences—war, the mightiest and the greatest of all the games of chance—war, a game in which steel-panopied battalions are the cards, and empires the stakes, sir! Yes, gentlemen, war is T. J.’s natural element, sir!

“At first I joined the infantry, and a grand arm of the service it is, too. Hooisers, Hooisers! What a roar, what a roar, gorges, have no conception of the part played by infantry during an engagement.

“Well, I will tell you how the thing works, sir! First, a line of crack shots is thrown to the front to feel the enemy and to gain time for the formation of the grand line of battle.

“These men are called skirmishers. When the grand army then begins to move, them at ‘long taw,’ but, by and by they are forced back by superior numbers, and then the main column begins to play its part. It is not the ‘pop—pop—pop,’ as it was with the skirmishers, but at first the united fire of a company here and there, then of a regiment; and, after all, of a sudden, a deafening roar, from battalions, regiments, brigades, divisions, and whole corps, rends the air, sir!

“Soon comes the thrilling order: ‘Charge bayonets!’ and then, with death playing on ten thousand slanting points of steel, the mighty enginery emerges from its curtain of smoke and flame, and sweeps onward to grand, fierce, and terrible encounter with the eager and rousing foe, sir!

“Gentlemen, the infantry service is glorious, yes, glorious, sir! But it has its drawbacks, sir, its drawbacks!

“Tired going through the mud from day-light until dark, and often far into the night; weighted down with knapsack and musket, and cartridge-box; sometimes sometimes still for hours in the drenching rain, or driving snow, bespattered with mud by the dashing cavalry, and always expected to do the hardest fighting, I found that the in-

fantry did not suit T. J.; so, not by a long sight, and I quit it, and joined the artillery, sir.

“Artillery means cannon, gentlemen. Do you want to know what a cannon is, sir? It is a big gun, sir; so big that it has to be pulled by horses, sir. It shoots a ball as big as Dave Wilkins’ sugar-kettle; and so far that you can see it from the front of it; and it cracks louder than all the shots in this country put together would; and it tears a hole big enough for a three-year-old bear to crawl into. That’s what it is, sir; that’s what it is.

“Infantry is a grand arm of the service, gentlemen, but it won’t compare with the artillery. Boom! Boom! boom! and then, from hundred, long, living thunders, comes a simultaneous crash, shattering earth and heaven, and rolling through the firmament like the voice of doom through the caverns of the damned! And such execution! The solid shot tear through the fort-like as a tornado; the shell shriek through the air like distracted fiends; grape and canister, grape and canister, front and regiments as a first-class McCormick reaper, wheat in a harvest field; while with each discharge the grim monsters leap high in air, as if exulting in their capacity for the destruction of our race. Ah, the artillery is indeed sublime!

“But I soon got tired of it. It is very convenient and comfortable to ride along on a carriage while the march; but in action there is too much hard work lifting those heavy guns, and just a little too much danger for T. J.

“I tell you, gentlemen, a battery with the concentrated fire of three or four of the enemy’s batteries upon it, is not the healthiest place in the world, sir. So I concluded to leave the cavalry and join the cavalry.

“You may talk about infantry and about artillery, but after all the cavalry is just the thing for a man of spirit like J. T. It is after the infantry and artillery have broken and shattered the columns of the enemy, that the cavalry arm of the service is brought into play. First, you hear a rumbling sound of an earthquake rapidly approaching. Then the tramp of cavalry charges before they come, column upon column, horses and riders; a thousand spurs pressed to a thousand quivering flanks; a thousand streaming plumes on a thousand helmeted heads; a thousand sabers raised in air! The very horses seem infused with the spirit of their riders. With fiery eyes, expanded nostrils, and every nerve and muscle in full play, they thunder down upon the affrighted, flying, shrieking foe, while pistol-shot and saber-slash are doing their work of carnage and of death!

“But, gentlemen, why try to describe that, which, in itself, is indescribable? I will show you how the thing is done!”

So, fixing his feet firmly in his stirrups, T. J. galloped rapidly down the street some two hundred yards. He reined hard, about-faced, and drew his pistol.

By this time, every man, woman and child in the village, attracted by the well-known voice, had collected on the sidewalk.

Straightening himself up, grasping the reins with his left hand, and inclining his body forward at an angle of about forty-five degrees, he dashed madly into the flanks of his horse. The animal responded to the touch of the steel, and in a street they came, the sparks flying from the heels of the steed at every furious bound.

Having passed over about half the distance, T. J. suddenly leveled his pistol directly to the front, and as he shouted “Fire!” pulled the trigger, and in an instant horse and rider were in the air.

The horse, shot directly through the back of his head, gave one groan and was dead.

As T. J. slowly gathered himself up, he cast a rueful glance at his horse; then with, “There now, won’t Betsy give me particular fits!” he slowly hobble to the sidewalk.

Reader, if you wish to avoid a personal visit, never say a single word to T. J. about his grand cavalry charge. He now swears that the cavalry is a humbug—“an unmitigated humbug, sir!”

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